

JUNE

No. 11

10¢

SMASH COMICS



Starring
ESPIONAGE
WITH THE BLACK X
INVISIBLE JUSTICE
WUN CLOO, CHIC CARTER,
PHIL POT VEER, CLIP CHANCE
And many others
Full of Action · Thrills · Adventure



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

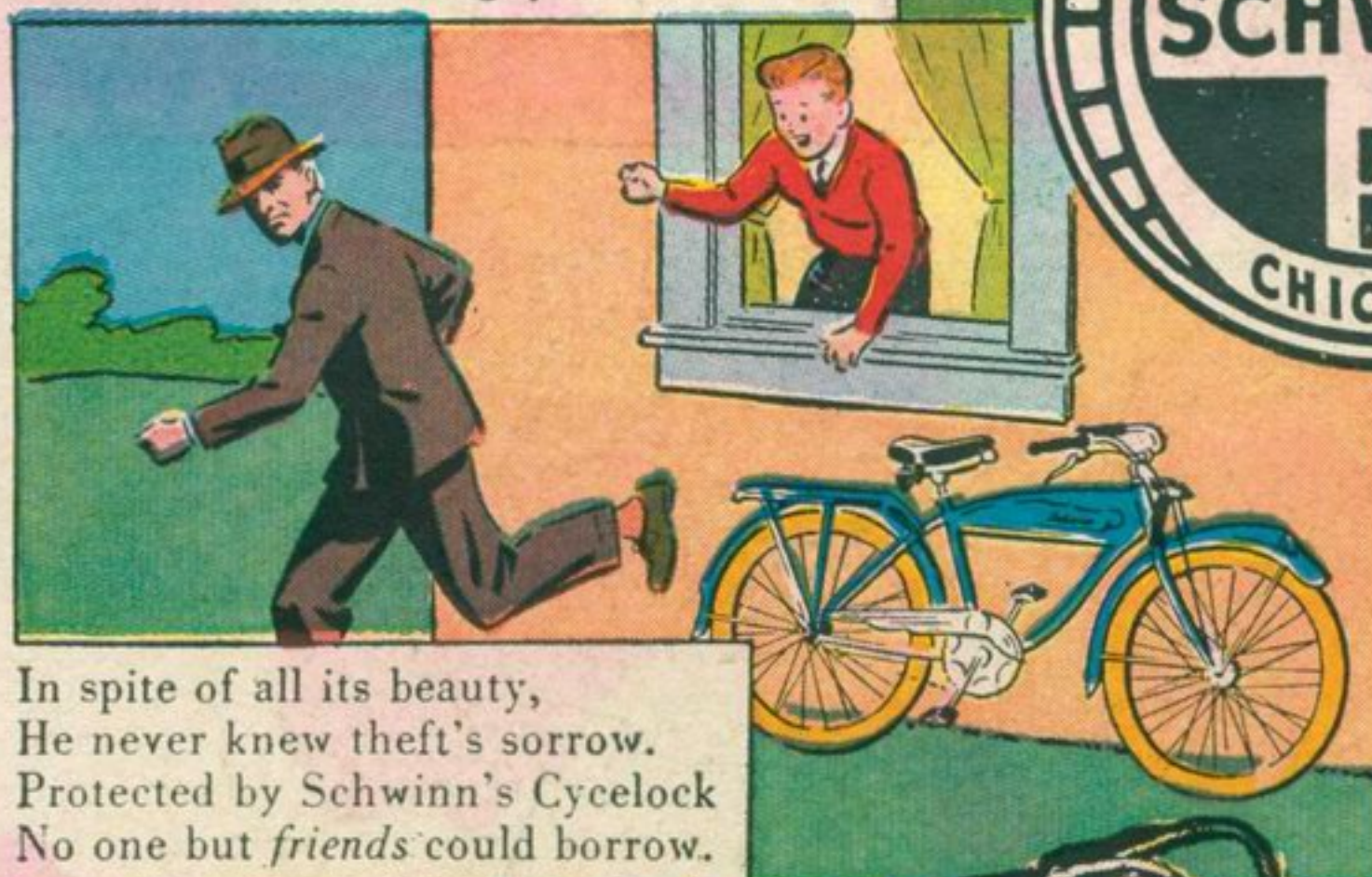
FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And *showed* the other guys!



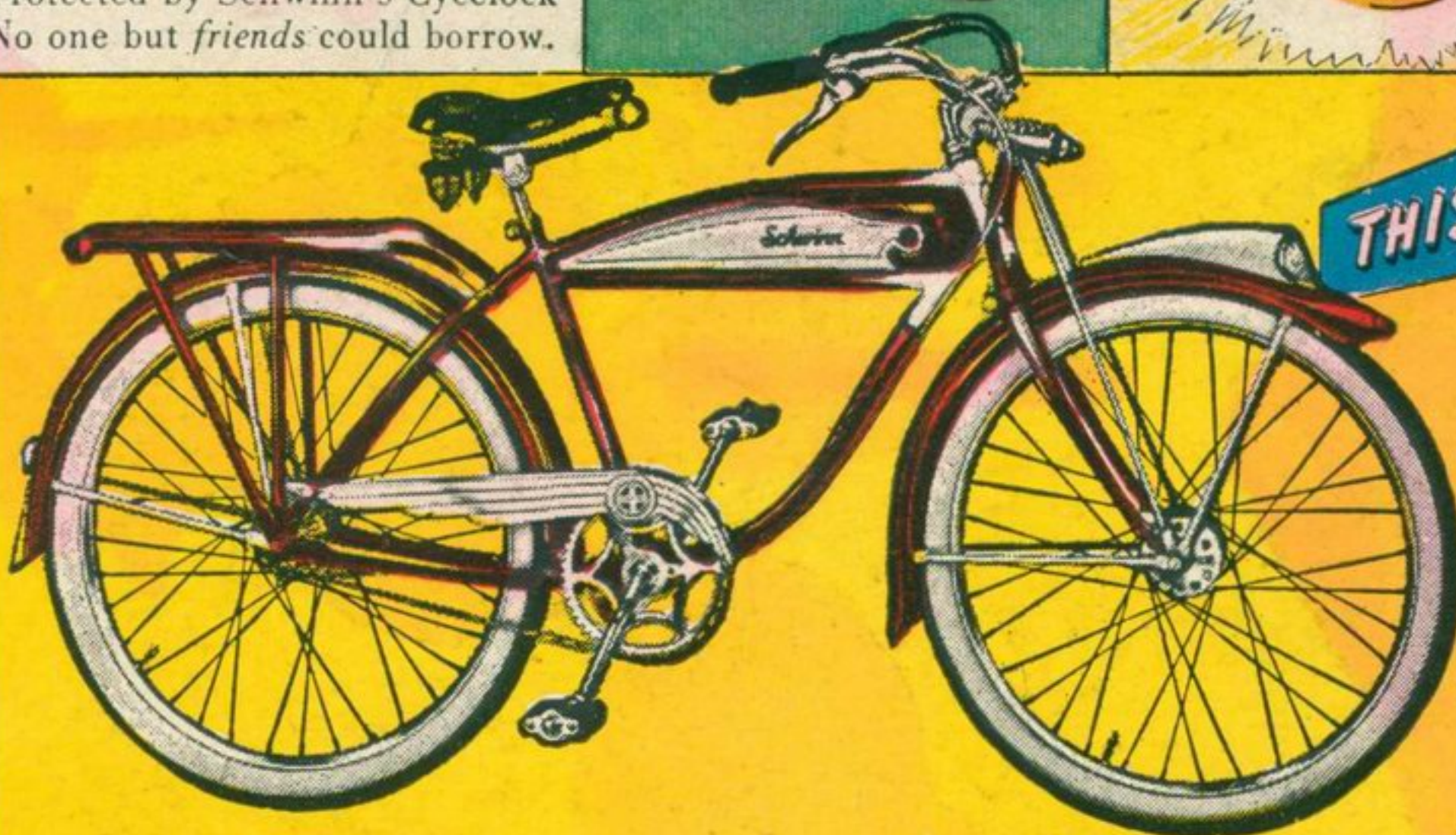
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow.
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclock
No one but *friends* could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in *your* town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring *this* one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and *show it to Dad!* Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you *should*
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for *free* copy of this valu-
able booklet **TODAY!**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1730 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated **FREE** booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X IN FINLAND



ALONG THE SNOWBOUND ROADS, FLANKED BY THEIR FROZEN DEAD, POUR THE MARCHING MEN OF THE SOVIET UNION, INTO FINLAND'S ICY WILDERNESS... ENDLESSLY LIKE GREY GHOSTS, THEY MARCH TO THE GRIM DEATH THAT AWAITS THEM...



FOR THE FINNS, STRUGGLING TO DEFEND THEIR HOMELAND, FIGHT DESPERATELY, HOLDING EVERY INCH OF GROUND TO THE LAST MAN...



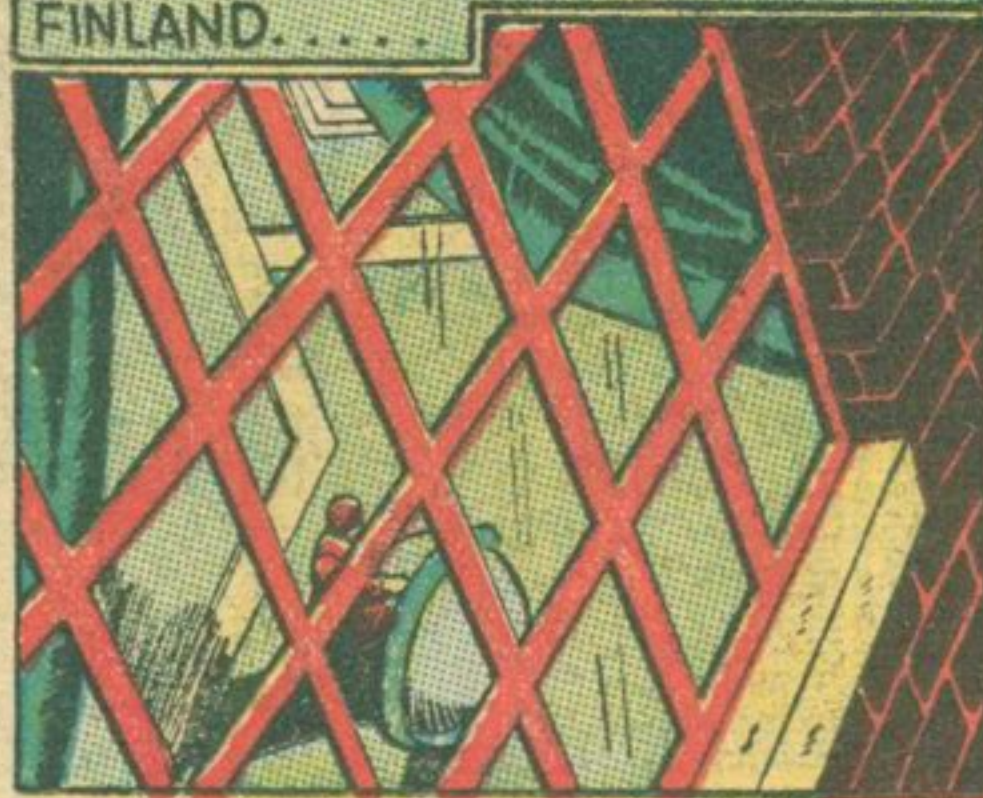
THUS, THE EUROPEAN WAR SHIFTS TO THE NORTH...



NEITHER SIDE GIVES WAY... THE RUSSIANS AND THE FINNS ARE IN A SEEMINGLY UNBREAKABLE DEAD-LOCK...



IN AMERICA, IN BLACK X'S STUDY, BATU, HIS FAITHFUL HINDU VALET, MUSES OVER A GLOBE... HIS FINGERS FIND THE SPOT MARKED FINLAND...



MASTER IS SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND... IN TROUBLE! MYSTIC FEELING TELL ME MUST SEE MASTER'S CHIEF NOW!



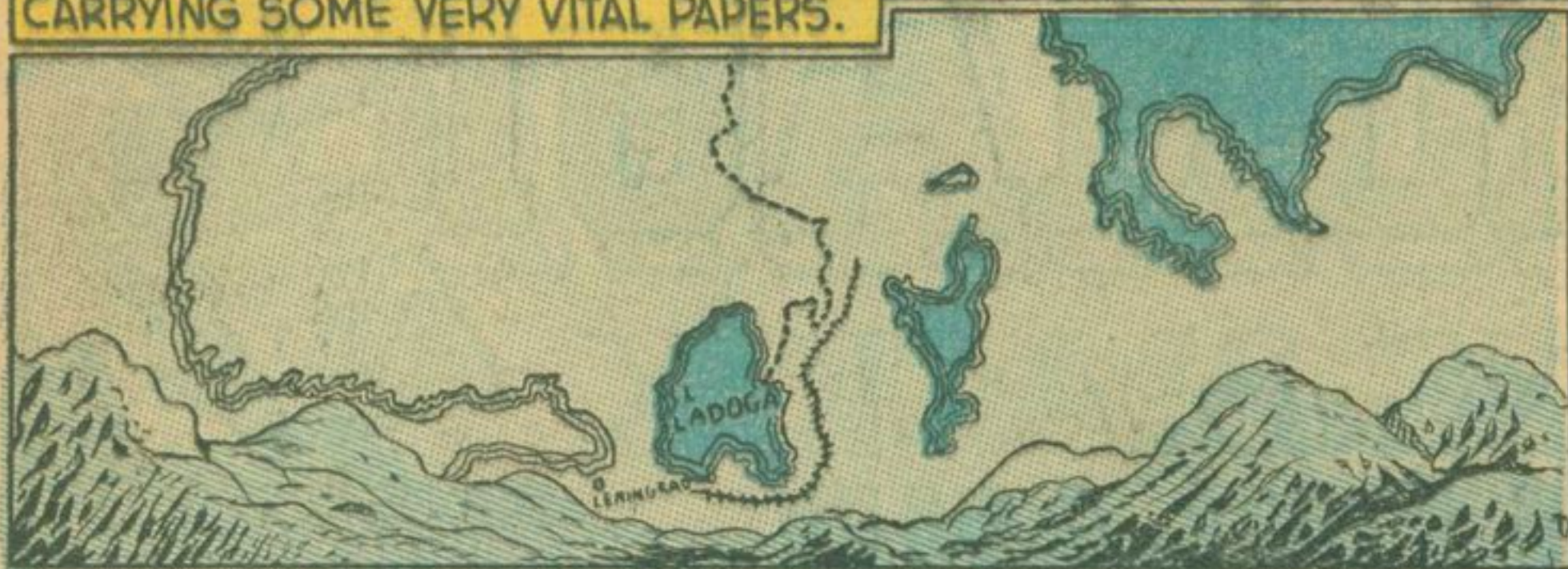
I KNOW, BATU, I'VE THE SAME STRANGE FEELING THAT BLACK X IS IN DANGER, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. HE'S AN AGENT OF THE ESPIONAGE - I CANNOT HELP HIM!



YES, I KNOW YOU'RE VERSED IN MAGIC, BUT HE'S 4,000 MILES AWAY... EVEN YOUR MAGIC IS IN VAIN NOW!



AND 4,000 MILES AWAY, JUST INSIDE THE RUSSIAN BORDER, ABOARD A MURMANSK-BOUND TRAIN, WHICH HE AND A FINNISH PATROL CAPTURED, BLACK X, WITH TOMMY, AN AMERICAN BOY, PLAN TO RUN BACK TO A POINT WHERE THEY CAN REACH FINLAND. . . . BLACK X IS SECRETLY CARRYING SOME VERY VITAL PAPERS.

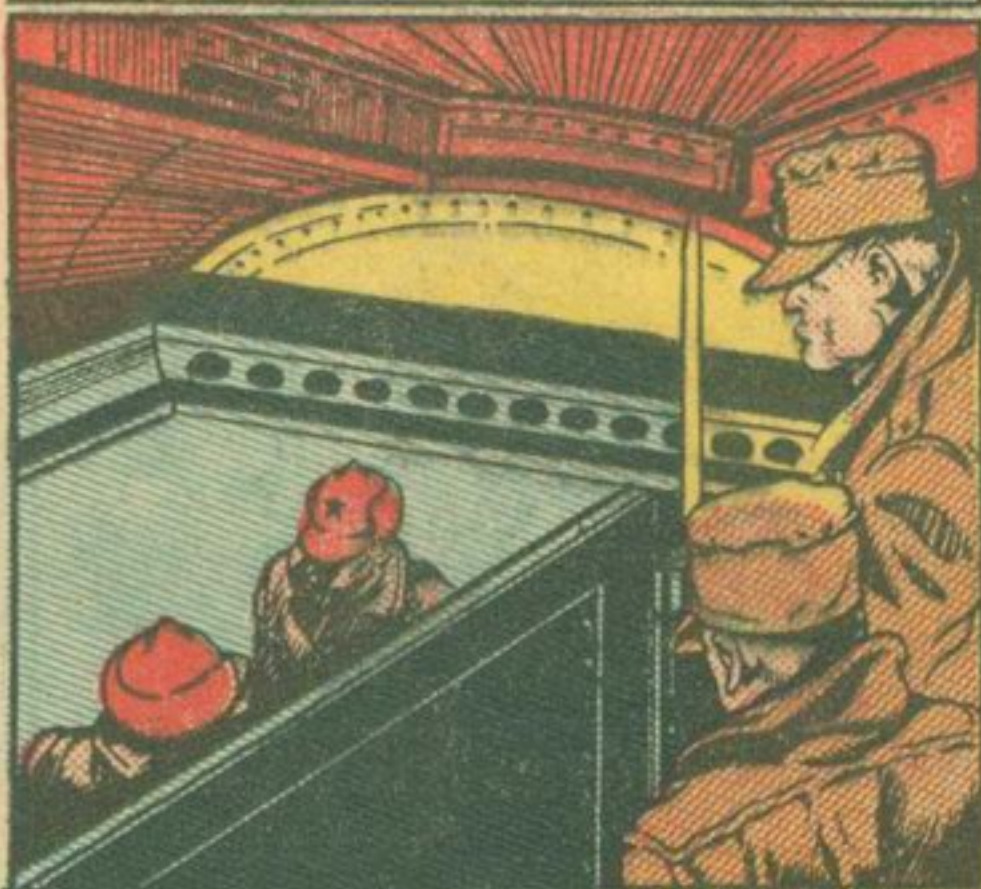


IN THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE . . .

START THE ENGINE . . .
GOING BACKWARDS!



IN THE CARS, FINNISH SOLDIERS ARE GUARDING THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS



AND ON THE REAR PLATFORM, TOMMY AND BLACK X TALK TO A FINNISH SOLDIER . . .



THE WAR HAS BEEN ON MONTHS AND THE RUSSIANS, THOUGH THEY OUTNUMBER YOU, HAVEN'T MADE MUCH HEADWAY.

RIGHT, BLACK X. FINLAND IS A SMALL NATION, BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN TO KEEP OUR DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM!



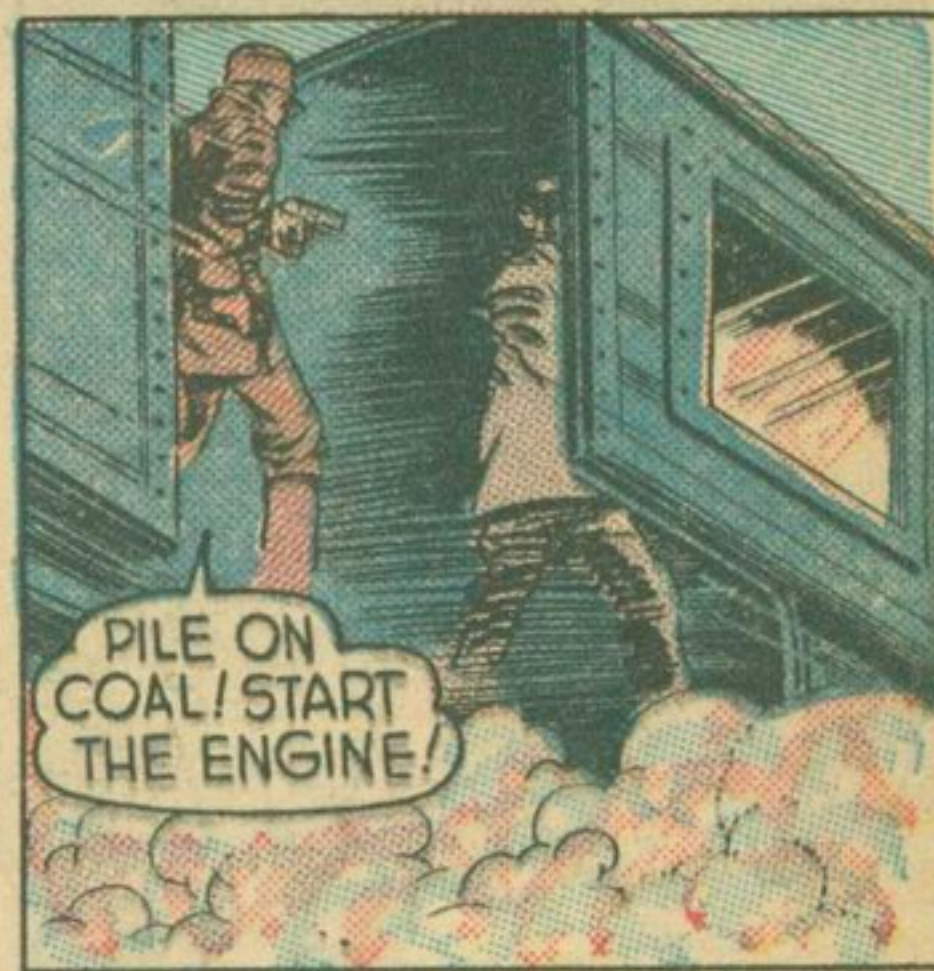
JUST LIKE THE AMERICANS IN 1776!

IN A REAR CAR, THE FINNS PLOT THEIR COURSE.



HERE...AT THIS POINT, WHERE THE RAILROAD TOUCHES OUR BORDER, WE'LL STOP THE TRAIN AND TAKE OFF THE PRISONERS.

PROVIDED WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE ON THE WAY!



PILE ON COAL! START THE ENGINE!

GRADUALLY, THE ENGINE GATHERS SPEED, MOVING BACKWARDS . . .



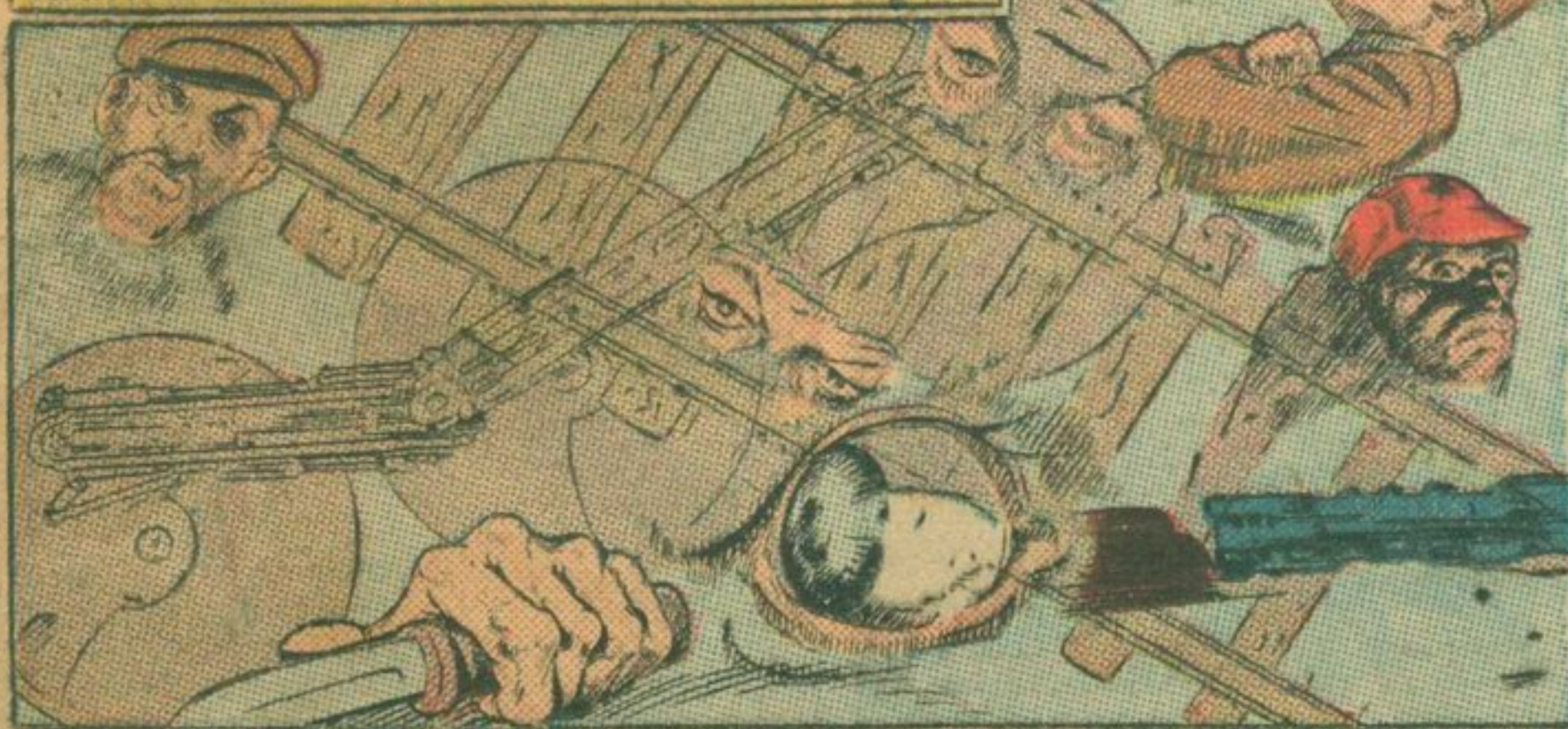
THE TRAIN MAKES AN ODD SIGHT, ROARING AT TOP SPEED, END CAR FIRST.



IN THE CAB, FINNS MOUNT A GUN . . .



THUS THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON ACROSS MILES OF LONE RAIL... A CARGO OF WAITING DEATH AND SURLY PRISONERS...



BLACK X, WHAT ARE THE FINNS FIGHTING THE RUSSIANS FOR?

IN DEFENSE OF THEIR HOMELAND!



WHY COULDN'T THEY SETTLE PEACEFULLY?

THAT'S THE DITY OF IT! TWO GREAT NATIONS... BOTH HAVE PRODUCED GREAT MEN - VAST KNOWLEDGE!



YET, WITH ALL THEIR GREAT MEN, WITH ALL THEIR VAST CULTURE, THEY CANNOT FIND A SOLUTION TO THEIR DIFFERENCES, BUT MUST GO TO WAR AND SLAY ONE ANOTHER!



TOMMY, YOU'RE A PHILOSOPHER... AH! HERE ARE THE SHIPPING SCHEDULES... THESE PAPERS ARE DYNAMITE AND OUR BIG JOB NOW IS TO RETURN THEM SAFELY TO WASHINGTON.



MEANWHILE, IN THE CAR IN WHICH THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS ARE BEING KEPT...



LISTEN, VLADIM, I HAVE A PLAN FOR ESCAPE!



WHAT FOR SHOULD I ESCAPE! I'M NO COWARD, BUT AS A FINNISH PRISONER, I WILL HAVE FOOD, SLEEP IN BED, AND BEST OF ALL, I WON'T HAVE TO KILL... NO... I'M GOING TO BE A PRISONER! LET STALIN COME OUT AND FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES! I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST THE FINNS!



BUT... THERE'S AN AMERICAN AGENT ABOARD, WHO HAS SOME PAPERS... IF WE HAD THEM, OUR SIDE COULD WIN THE WAR VERY QUICKLY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER - A GUARD IS OVERPOWERED.



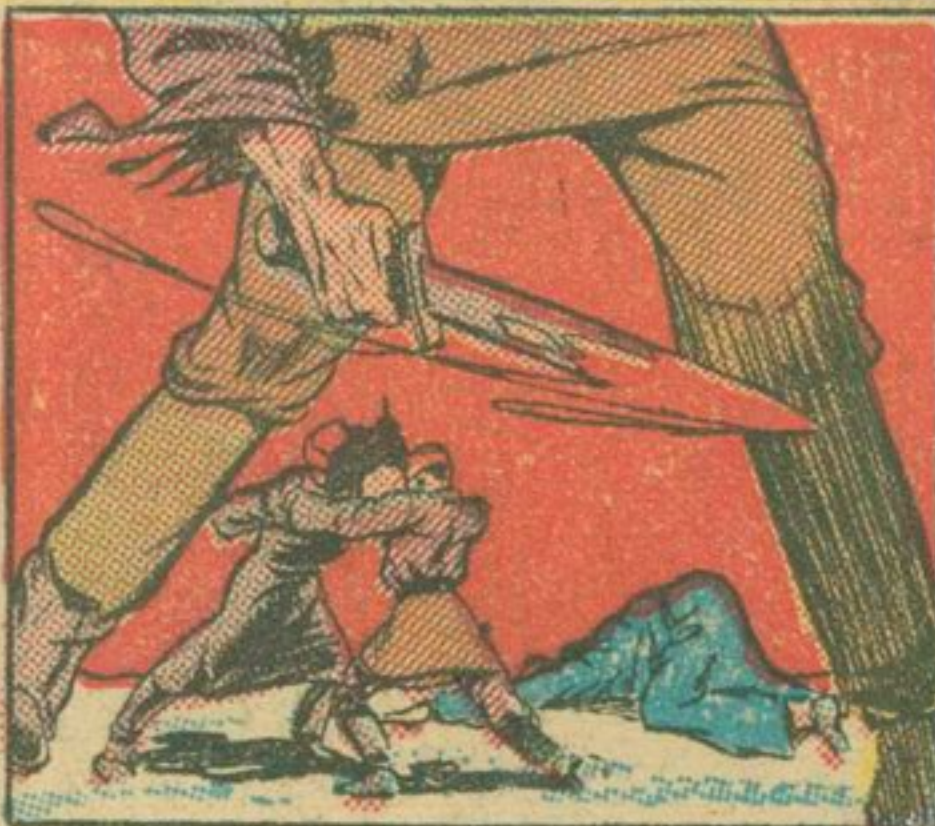
IT IS A SIGNAL FOR GENERAL ESCAPE! WITH A ROAR, THE RUSSIANS SWARM OUT OF THEIR PEN...



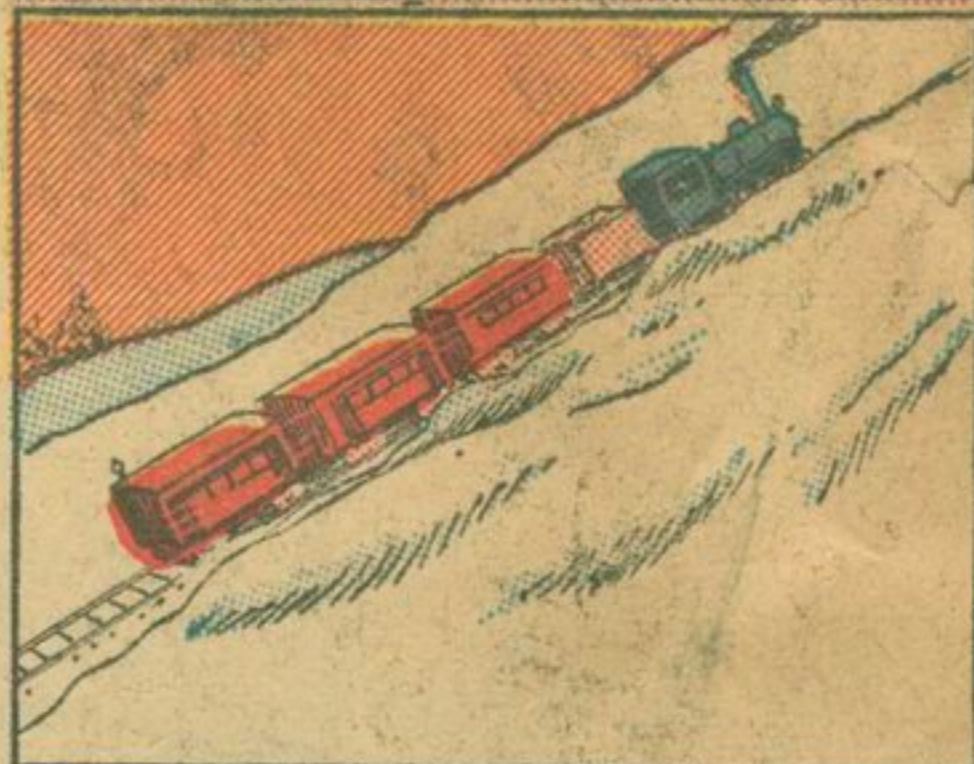
THE PRISONERS OUT-
NUMBER THE GUARDS.



BUT THE FINNS, SWINGING THEIR
WICKED 'POUKKO', HOLD OUT DES-
PERATELY, BUT IN VAIN.



MEANWHILE, THE TRAIN ROARS
SOUTHWARD, THE ENDS HELD BY
THE FINNS AND THE CENTER CAR
BY THE RUSSIANS.



OH-OH! A RUSSIAN TROOP
IS BLOCKING THE
TRACK AHEAD! BLACK X!
THE RUSSIANS
HAVE WON CONTROL
OF THIS CAR!



STOP!
COMRADES!

NO-LOOK-
THEY ARE
FINNS!
FIRE!!



ЛЕТУ
ТОВАРИЩ!



САТАНСКАЯ
ШКУРА!

ЧТО ЗА
ДЫПАК?

IN THEIR COMPARTMENT, BLACK X
AND TOMMY PREPARE FOR THE
IMPENDING SIEGE.



STEADY NOW...

ОМБОРУ
ДБЕРУ!

THUMP!
THUMP!



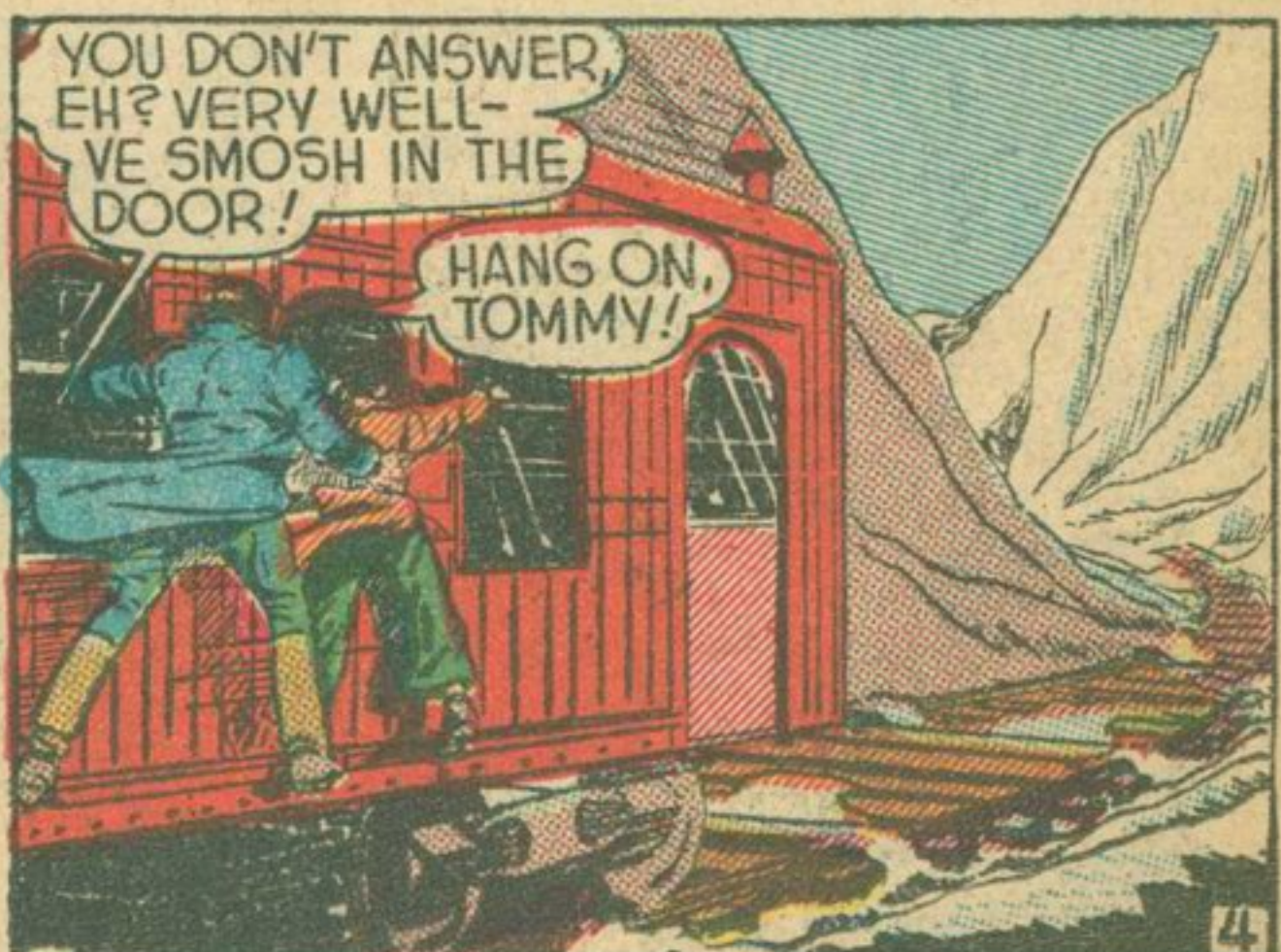
OPEN THIS DOOR,
AMERICAN, AND
HAND OVER
THOSE
PAPERS!



THESE PAPERS ARE AMERICAN
PROPERTY! I AM AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN - YOU DARE NOT
SHOOT!



YOU FORGET THIS IS
THE WAR AREA. YOUR
PRESIDENT WON'T
PROTECT YOU HERE!
GIVE UP THE PAPERS,
AND YOU WILL NOT
BE HARMED!



YOU DON'T ANSWER,
EH? VERY WELL -
VE SMOSH IN THE
DOOR!

HANG ON,
TOMMY!



GONE!

VANISHED, JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW! THOSE AMERICANS HAVE COURAGE!



BUT IN THE REAR CAR HELD BY THE FINNS....

HELLO, KLAUS! WE'RE WITH YOU AGAIN!

YOU TWO HAVE NERVE TO RISK THAT!



THE RUSSIANS OUTNUMBER US! OUR MEN ON THE ENGINE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!



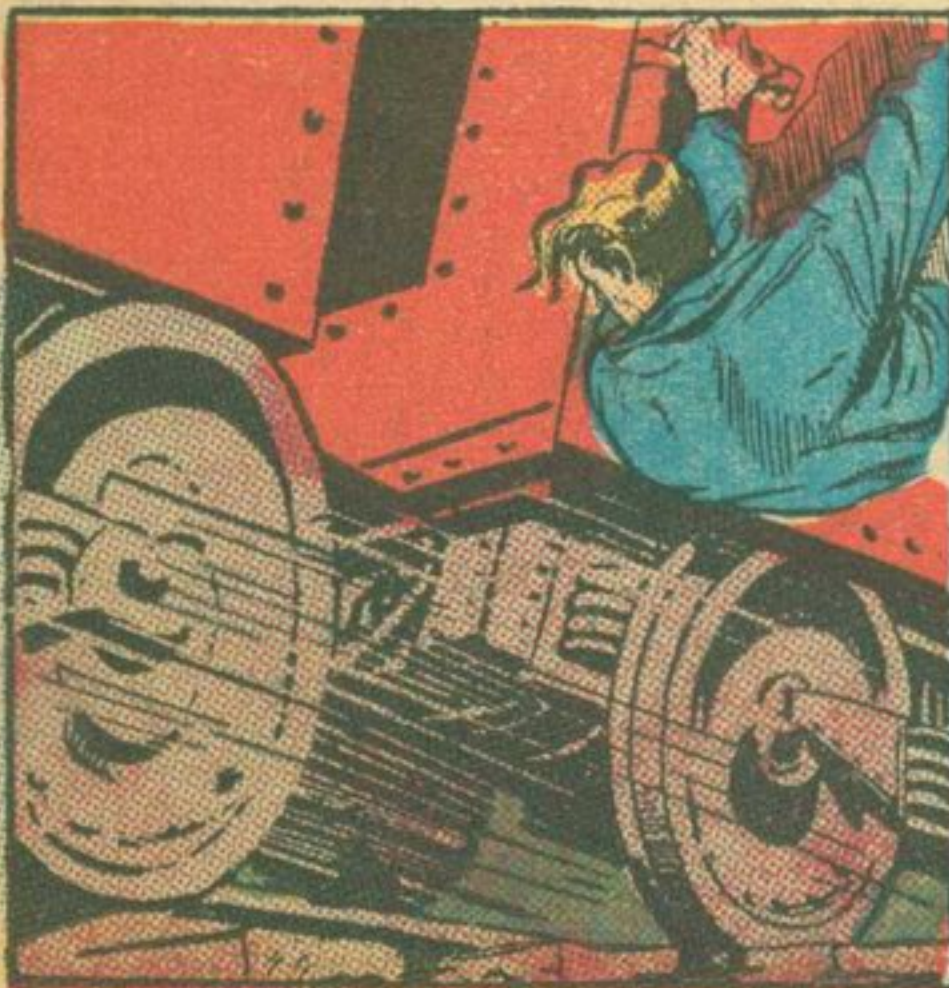
THEY'LL BE COMING THROUGH TO THIS CAR ANY MINUTE! STAY BACK, BLACK X.... WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!

WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA THAT'LL AVOID BLOOD-SHED!

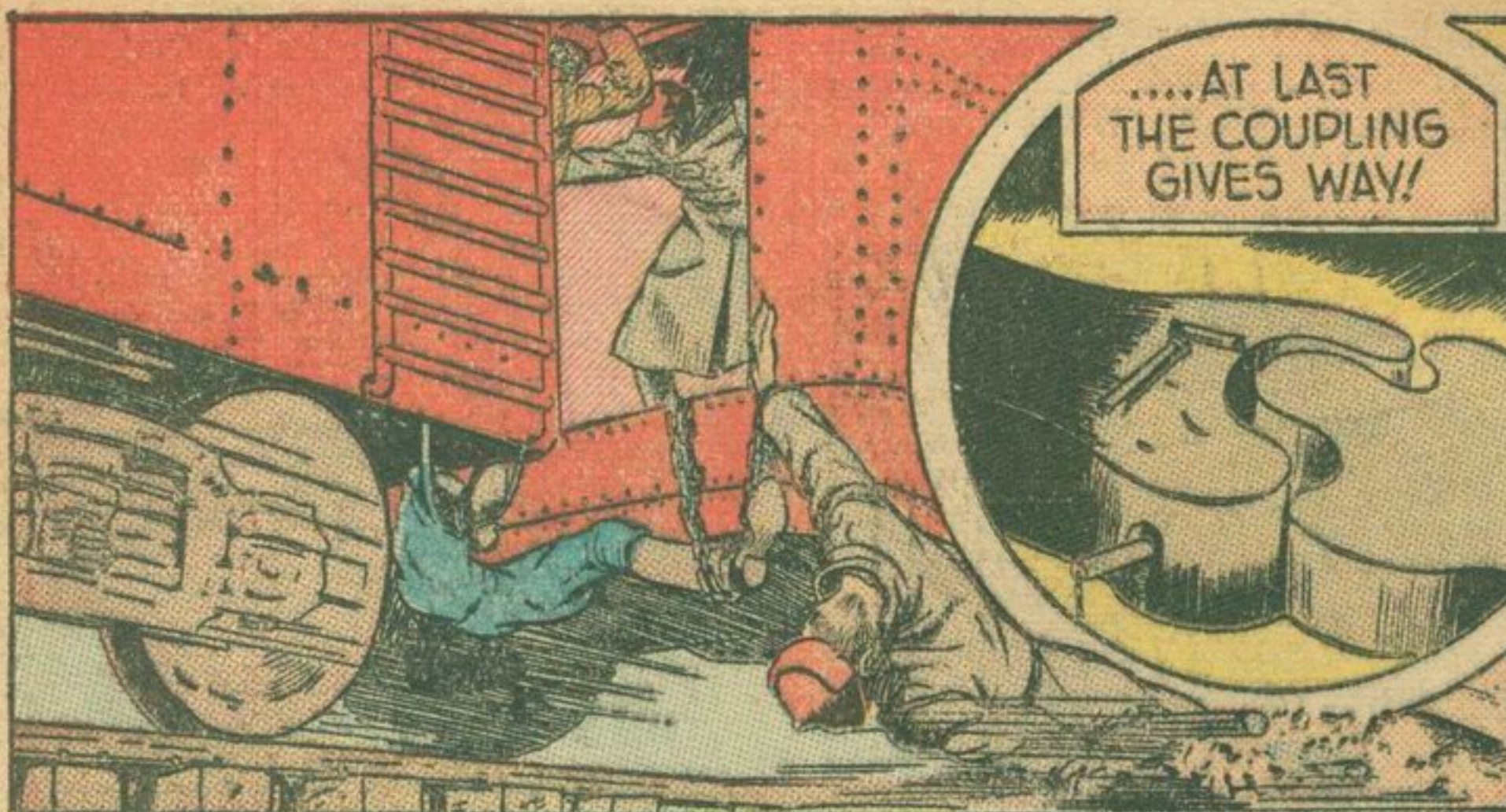


HAND ME A WRENCH! I'LL LOOSEN THE COUPLING, AND SEPARATE THIS CAR....

CAREFUL, BLACK X!



MEANWHILE, THE RUSSIANS OPEN FIRE AND ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE CAR... UNDERNEATH, BLACK X WORKS FURIOUSLY AGAINST TIME....



INCH BY INCH THE CARS PART.



SLOWLY THEY PUSH AHEAD OF THE SECOND CAR, MAKING A GAP BETWEEN THEM!



A MOMENT LATER, LOGS ARE DROPPED IN ITS PATH.



HOORAY! WE'VE DERAILED THEM!



AND THE CAR CONTINUES ON AHEAD, SPED BY ITS MOMENTUM.



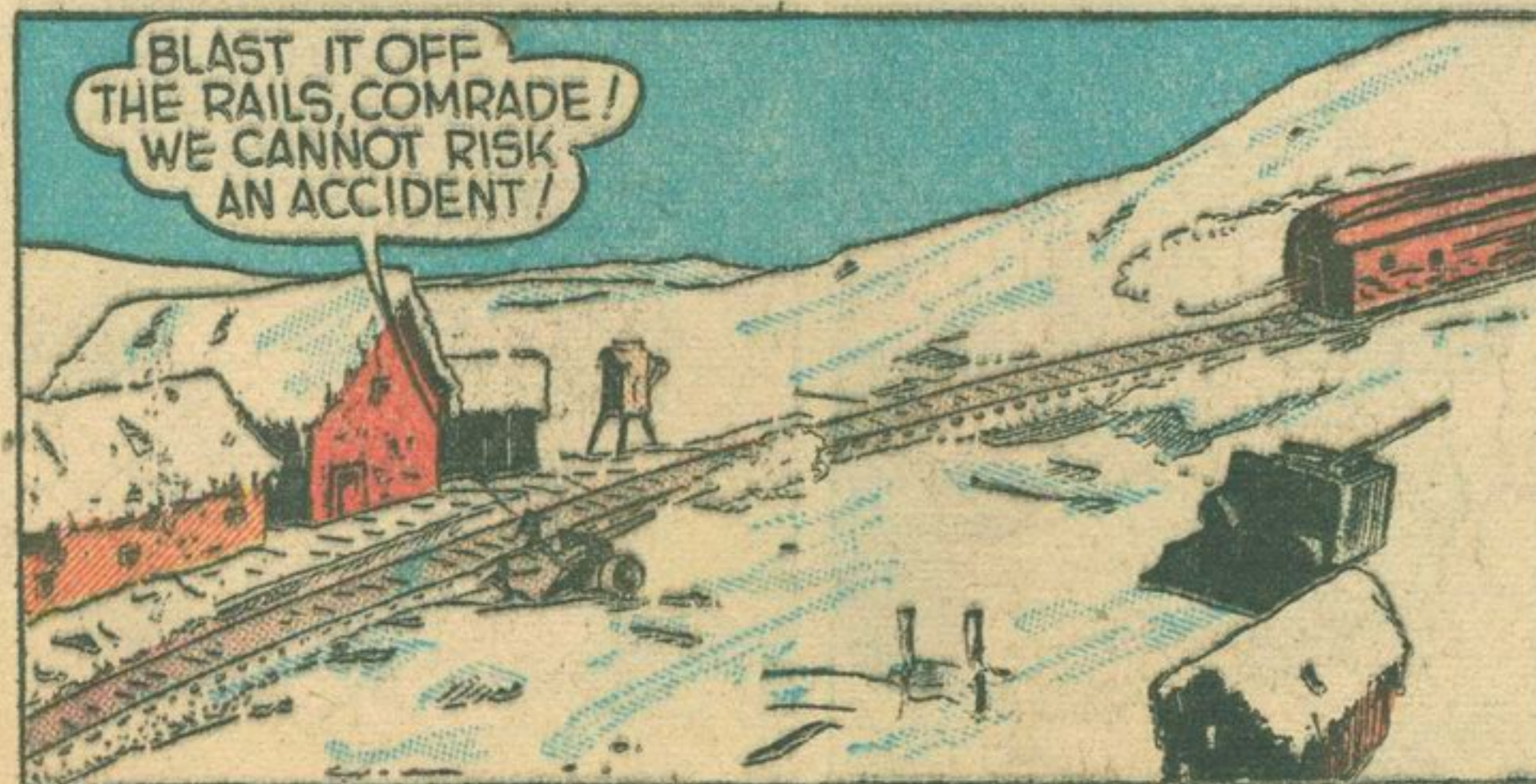
ON THE TRACK AHEAD...



THERE'S A SUPPLY TRAIN COMING UP! THERE WILL BE A CRASH!



BLAST IT OFF THE RAILS, COMRADE! WE CANNOT RISK AN ACCIDENT!



INSIDE THE CAR...

YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, BLACKX, THIS ISN'T YOUR WAR!

RIGHT! GOOD BYE!





HOLD TIGHT,
TOMMY.... HERE
WE GO!



THE FIRST SHELL SEEMS TO HALT THE
CAR IN ITS TRACKS.....



THE SECOND COMPLETELY DERAILS IT!



NOT ONE OF THEM
ESCAPED THAT
WRECK!

G-GOSH! WE
SURE JUMPED
OFF IN TIME!



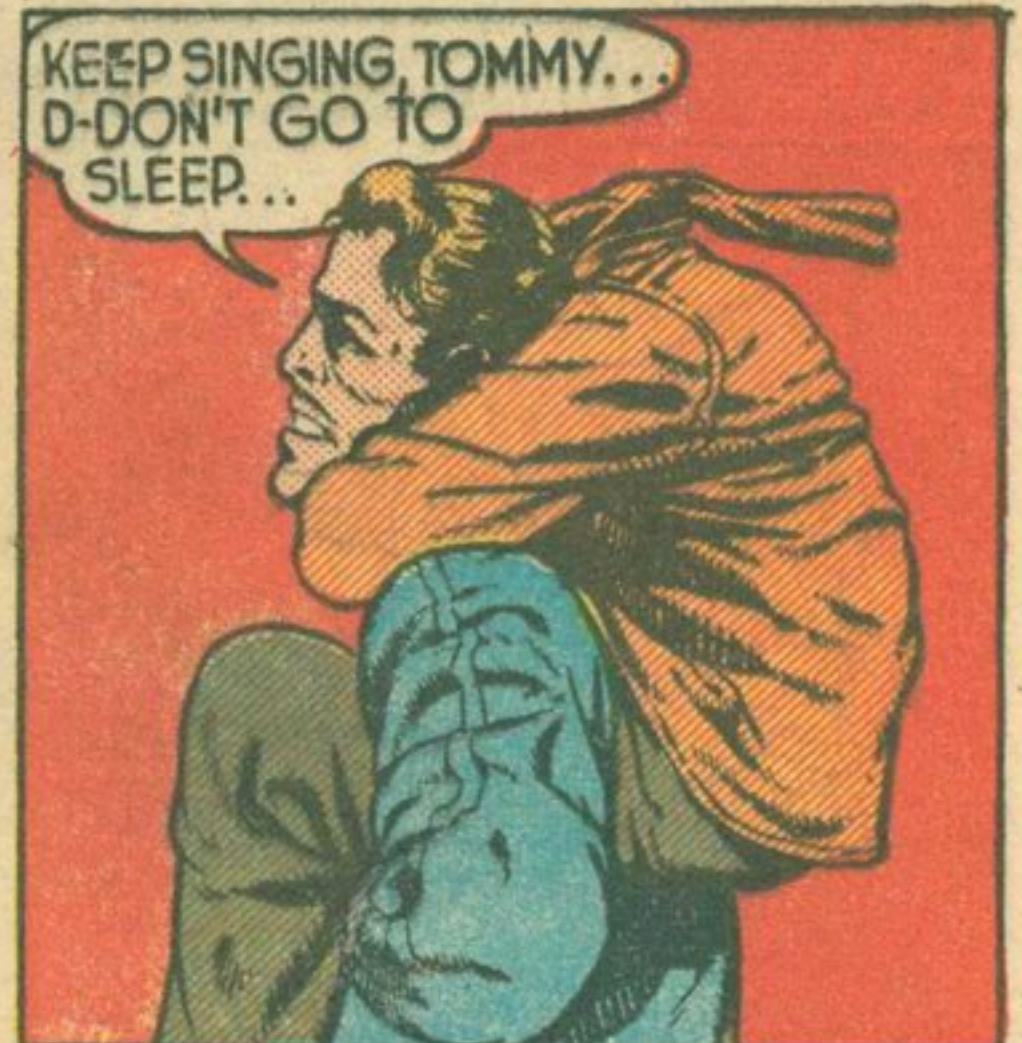
AND NOW, TOMMY, WE'LL
HAVE TO WALK. THE FINNISH
BORDER IS
THIS WAY!



IF WE CAN REACH A TOWN,
MY CREDENTIALS WILL SECURE
US A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND
AND FROM THERE, HOME!



LASHED BY BLIZZARDS, OUR INTREPID
HEROES JOURNEY WEARILY TO THEIR
DESTINATION.....



KEEP SINGING, TOMMY...
D-DON'T GO TO
SLEEP...



BACK IN WASHINGTON, 4,000 MILES
AWAY, IN A DARK SECLUDED CORNER
OF HIS ROOM, BATU TRIES DESPERATE-
LY TO REACH BLACKX BY TELEPATHY.

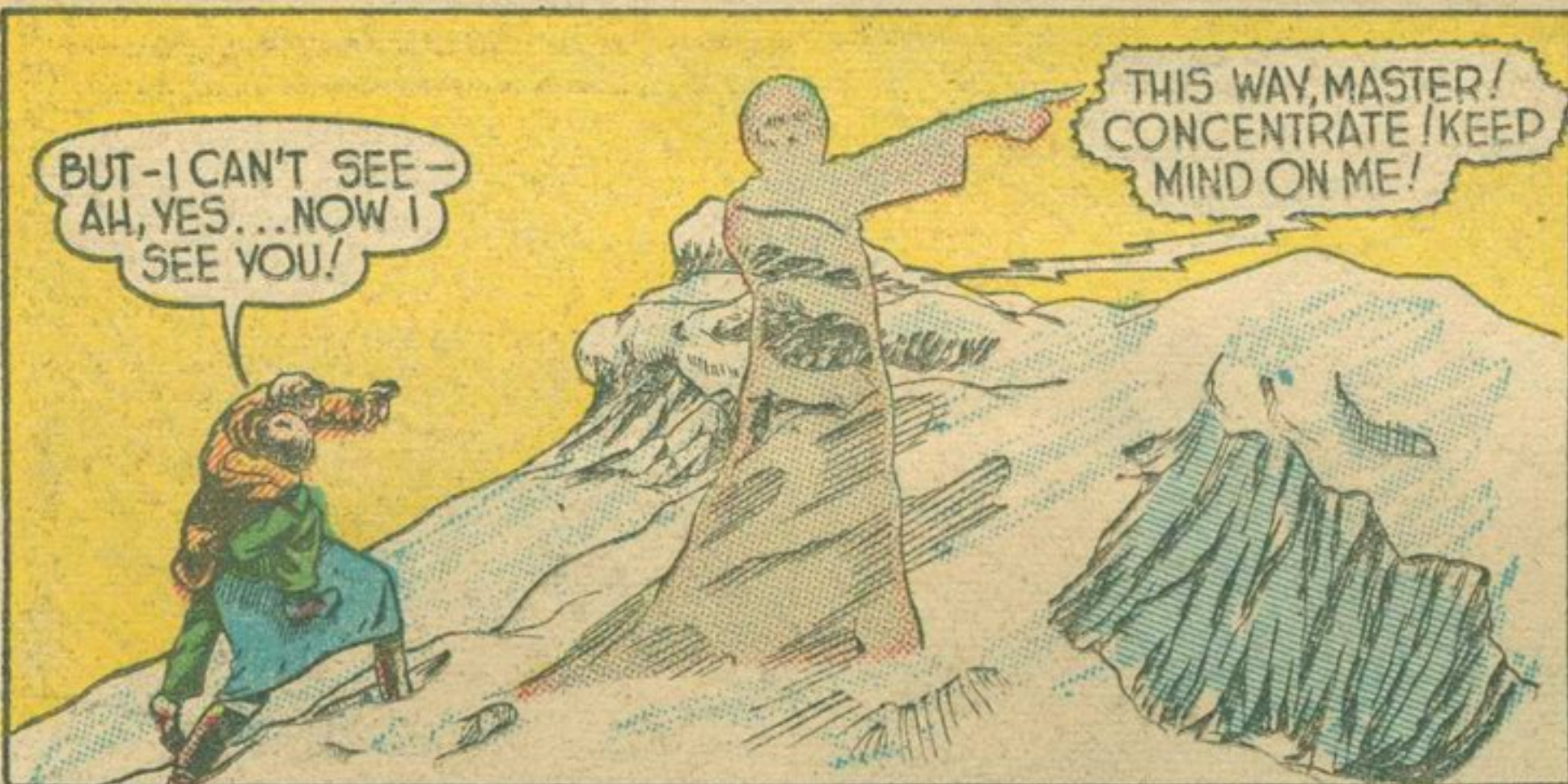


THE TERRIFIC MENTAL PRESSURE
SHOWS ITS EFFECT, AS BEADS OF
PERSPIRATION ROLL FROM HIS
TIGHTLY KNITTED BROW.....

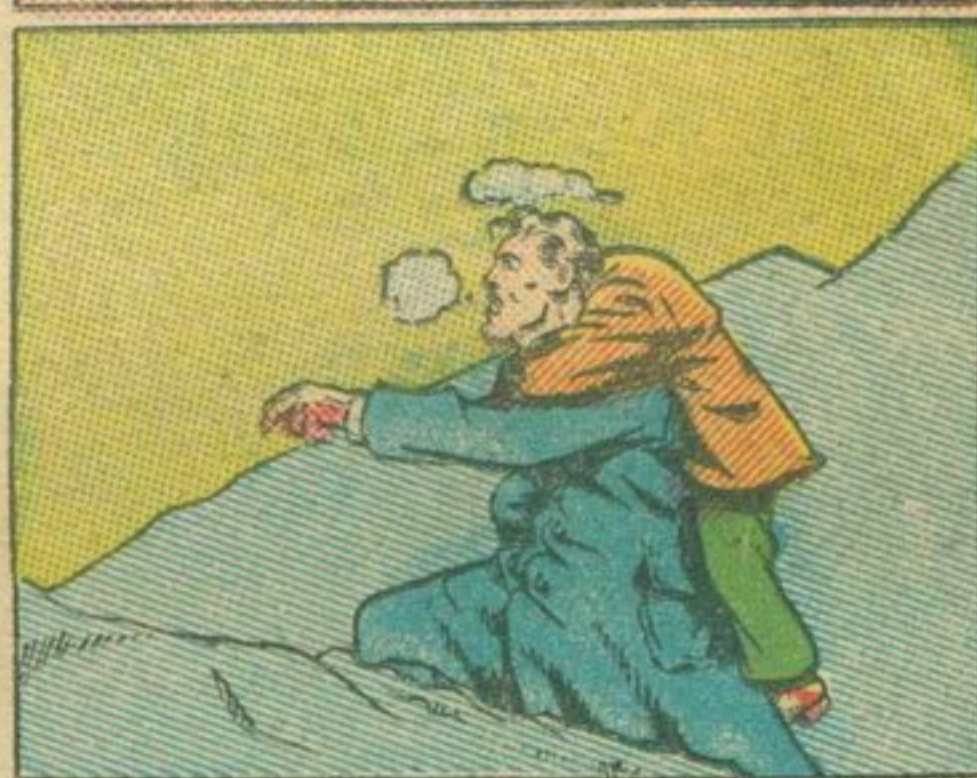


I-I'M LOST... I CAN'T
SEE! I'M SNOW
BLIND!

THEN, PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, ONE MAN CONTACTS ANOTHER OVER 4,000 MILES OF SEA AND HIGH MOUNTAINS. . . .



THUS, GUIDED BY THE VISION OF HIS FAITHFUL VALET, BLACK X, BLINDED BY THE SNOW, STRUGGLES ON. . . .



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HE IS SPIED BY A FINNISH OUTPOST. . . .



I-I'M AN AMERICAN... MUST GET TO COAST... (PUFF,PUFF)



THERE! WARM FOOD AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP ARE WHAT THEY NEED. WE'LL SEND THEM ALONG WITH THE PATROL GOING TO HELSINKI TOMORROW.



NEXT MORNING, THEY ARE PACKED ABOARD A SLED AND THE PATROL SETS OUT. . . .



OUTSIDE HELSINKI, THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A RUSSIAN PATROL. . . .



THE FINNS FIGHT BRAVELY, BUT THE SURPRISE GIVES THE ATTACKERS THE ADVANTAGE, AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, ONLY TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS REMAIN TO TAKE OVER!





CHIC CARTER



ACE REPORTER



IT'S A RAINY NIGHT IN NEW YORK... NEAR THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY BUILDING...

WELL! IF IT AIN'T MR. CARTER! AND HOW ARE YA, SIR?

FINE, DUGAN! HOW'S IT GOING?



SUDDENLY A WEIRD FIGURE ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF CHIC AND THE POLICEMAN...

AND PRAY TELL ME... WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW! LET'S FIND OUT!



HEY YOU! JUST A MINUTE--- OHHHH!



AS DUGAN FALLS, THE FIGURE TURNS AND WALKS THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE TREASURY BUILDING!

W-WHAT? I--I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



HE WALKED STRAIGHT THROUGH A SOLID WALL... AND INTO THE TREASURY! I'LL HAVE TO WARN THE GUARDS INSIDE!



..BUT I TELL YOU THERE'S A MAN IN HERE.. YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM!

HOW COULD HE WALK RIGHT THROUGH A THREE FOOT WALL, EH? WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, KID ME?



SUDDENLY A VOLLEY OF SHOTS ECHO THROUGH THE BUILDING..

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW! FOLLOW ME!

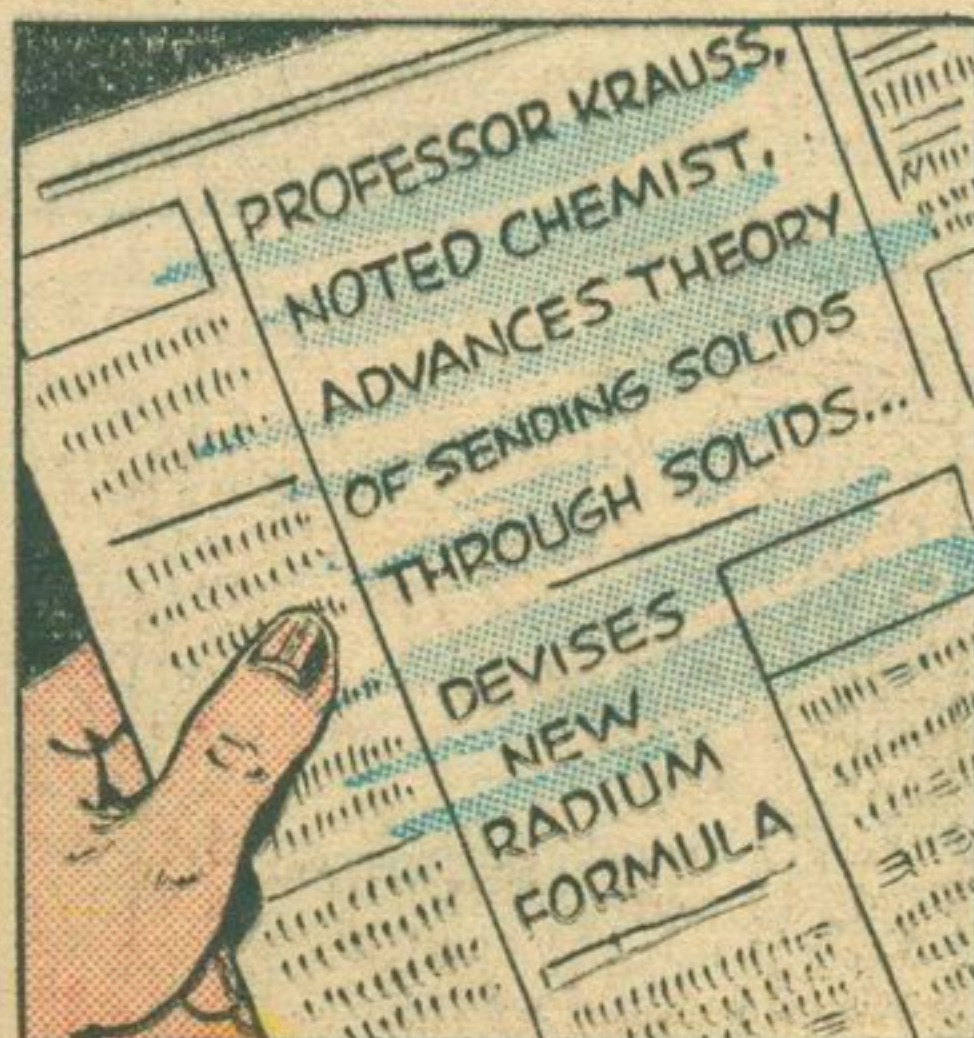
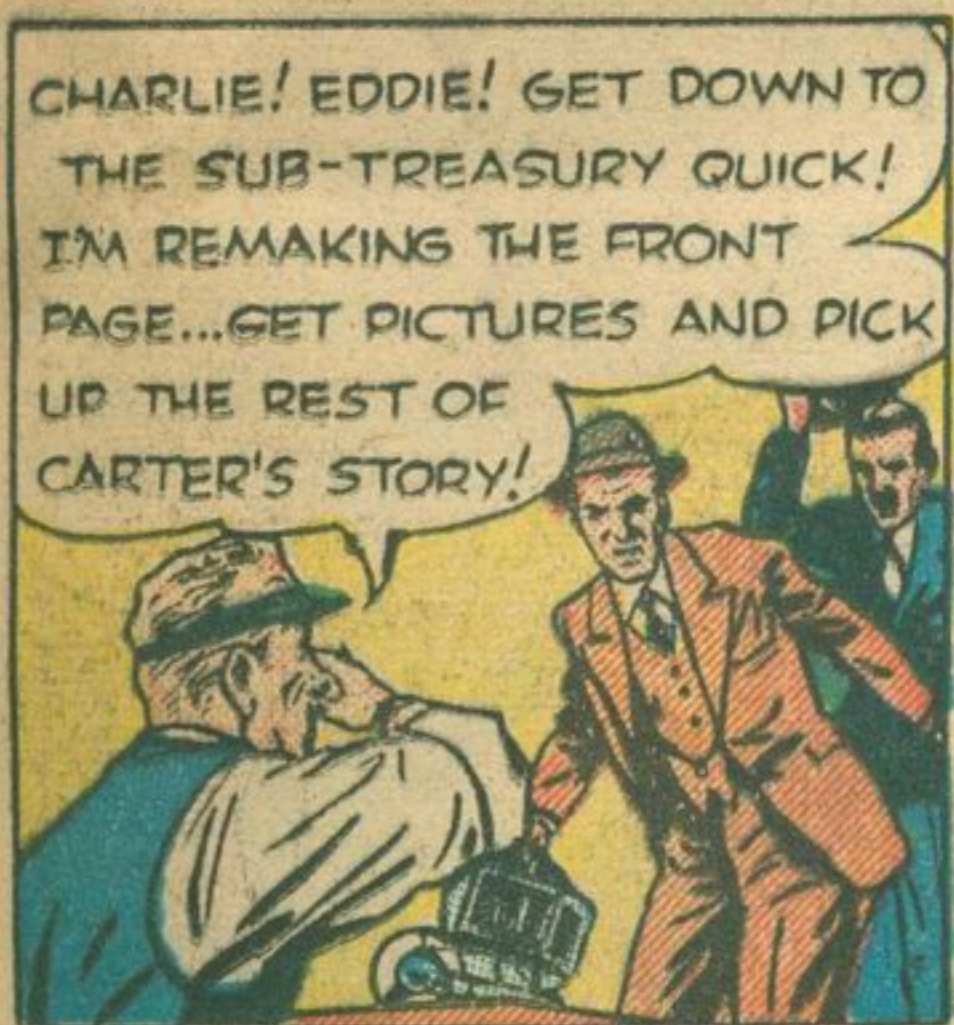


AS CHIC AND THE GUARDS ENTER A VAULT ROOM THEY SEE..



W-WHY! HE CAN'T BE REAL! LOOK- OUR BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!







CARTER! OUR "MYSTERY MAN" JUST STOLE 6 RADIUM NEEDLES FROM THE GENERAL HOSPITAL!



WELL LISTEN... HEY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

I'M OFF TO GET THE "MYSTERY MAN"!



I HOPE PROFESSOR KRAUSS WON'T MIND THIS LITTLE CALL!



YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M CARTER OF THE "DAILY STAR," PROFESSOR.. CAN I INTERVIEW YOU?



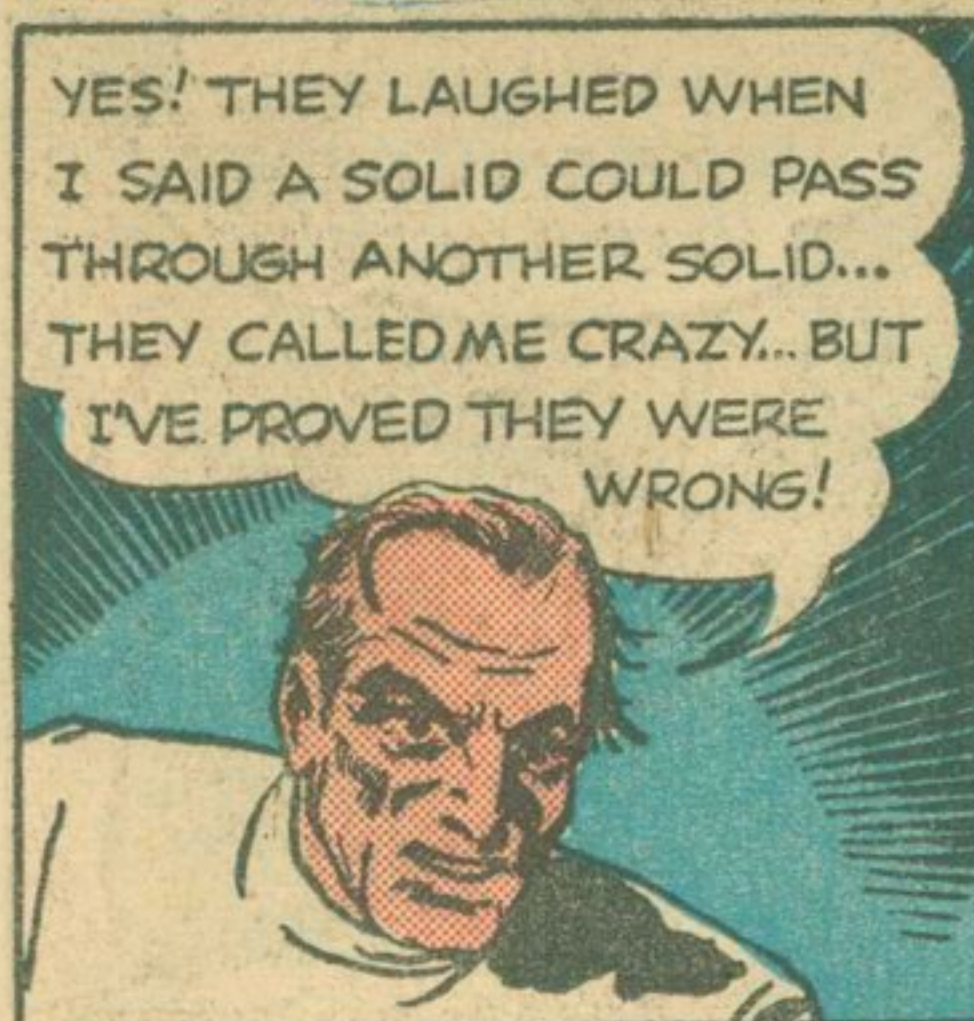
INTERVIEW? I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY TO THE PRESS!

COME ON! WHAT ABOUT YOUR "SOLIDS THROUGH SOLIDS" THEORY?



WHAT? WHY DO YOU THINK OF THAT AT THIS TIME?

BECAUSE YOU ARE THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE TREASURY AND KILLED THREE MEN DOING IT!



YES! THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAID A SOLID COULD PASS THROUGH ANOTHER SOLID... THEY CALLED ME CRAZY.. BUT I'VE PROVED THEY WERE WRONG!



NOW, I'VE MASTERED MY THEORY.. I AM INVINCIBLE! NO ONE CAN TAKE ME... HA-HA-HA-HA-GO BACK AND PRINT THAT IN YOUR PAPER!



THAT'S THE STORY, GENTLEMEN!

BUT HOW CAN WE CAPTURE A MAN THAT BULLETS WON'T STOP!



WAIT! WAIT!—I THINK I HAVE IT! WE CAN **TRAP** KRAUSS!

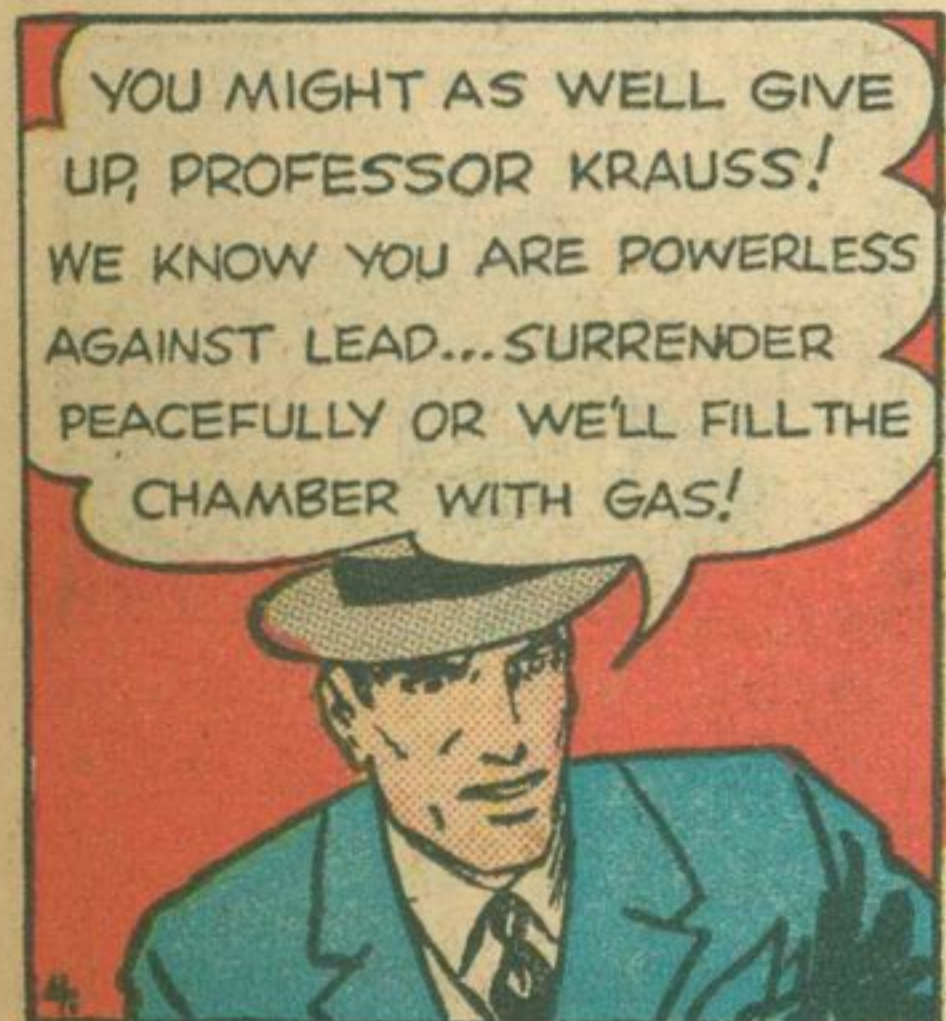


SOME DAYS LATER THIS ITEM APPEARS IN THE "DAILY STAR"!

DAILY STAR
JEFFERSON HOSPITAL GETS SUPPLY OF RADIUM..
NEW YORK N.Y.



..AND THAT NIGHT A DARK FIGURE MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARD THE HOSPITAL!



Wun Cloo

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by
-GILL
FOX-

HELLO, WUN CLOO?
THIS IS WARDEN
CLAWS OF THE STATE
PRISON-YOU MUST
COME TO MY
OFFICE IMMEDIATELY



SO! WARDEN IN
BIG RUSH ABOUT
SOMETHING!



A SHORT
WHILE
LATER..
AT A
SIDE
GATE OF THE
STATE
PRISON



MR. WUN CLOO,
I AM TO ESCORT
YOU TO THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE
HERE, WUN CLOO-I
WILL BE BRIEF FOR
THERE IS NO TIME TO
WASTE-THERE
IS TO BE A
PRISON
BREAK!



THE RINGLEADER OF
THE ESCAPE IS
MOE THE MOPE,
THE MOST VICIOUS
PRISONER IN THE
UNITED STATES!

WHERE DOES
WUN CLOO
COME IN?



YOU ARE TO
BECOME A CONVICT
SO THAT YOU CAN
'GET IN' GOOD
WITH THIS
SUPER-
THUG!



AH! I SEE-
I BREAK UP
PRISON BREAK
AND MAKE A
DOPE OF THIS
MOPE!

THAT'S
MOE THE MOPE
OVER
THERE
NOW!



IN THE
PRISON
YARD THE
NEXT
DAY...

I CAN'T STAND DIS
'PEN' ANY LONGER, SLUG.
WE'LL STAGE DIS RIOT
AN' ESCAPE T'NIGHT!!

EASY ON DE
GAB,
MOE!



PARDON GENTS, BUT I
DESIRE TO BE
PART OF YOUR
PLANS!

SCRAM-
OR I'LL
THROW
DIS..

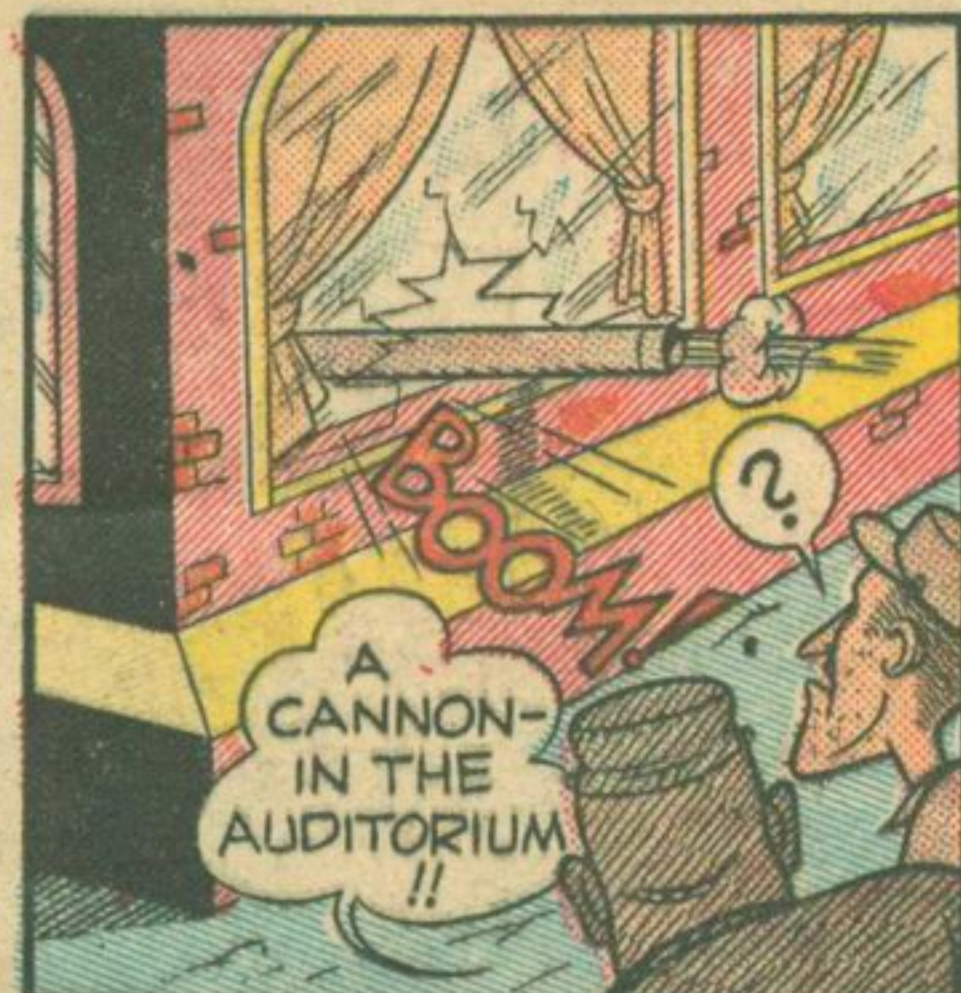
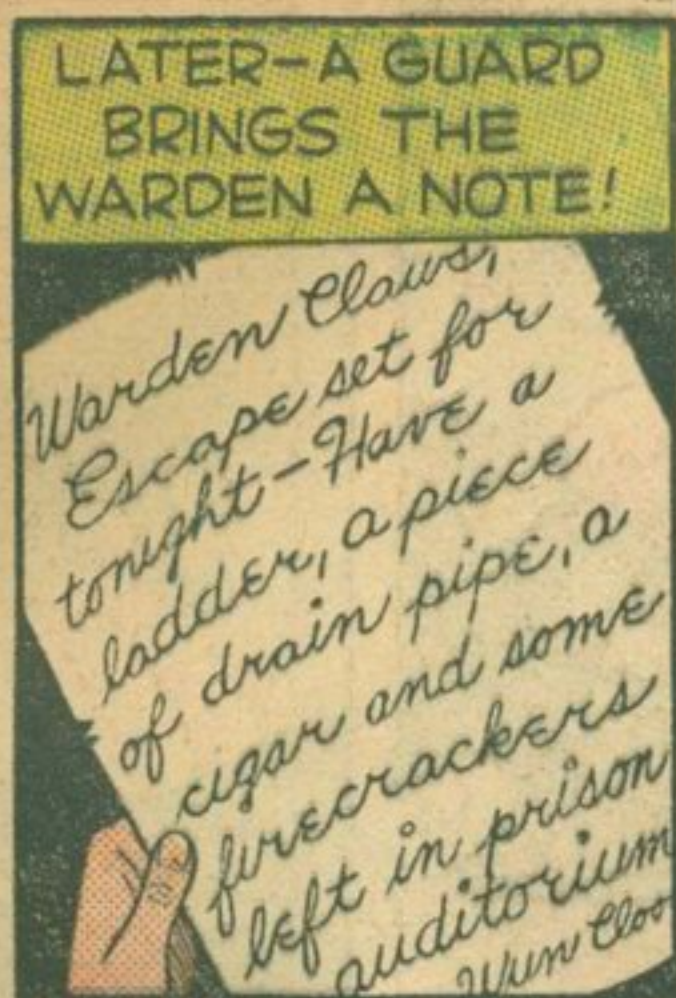
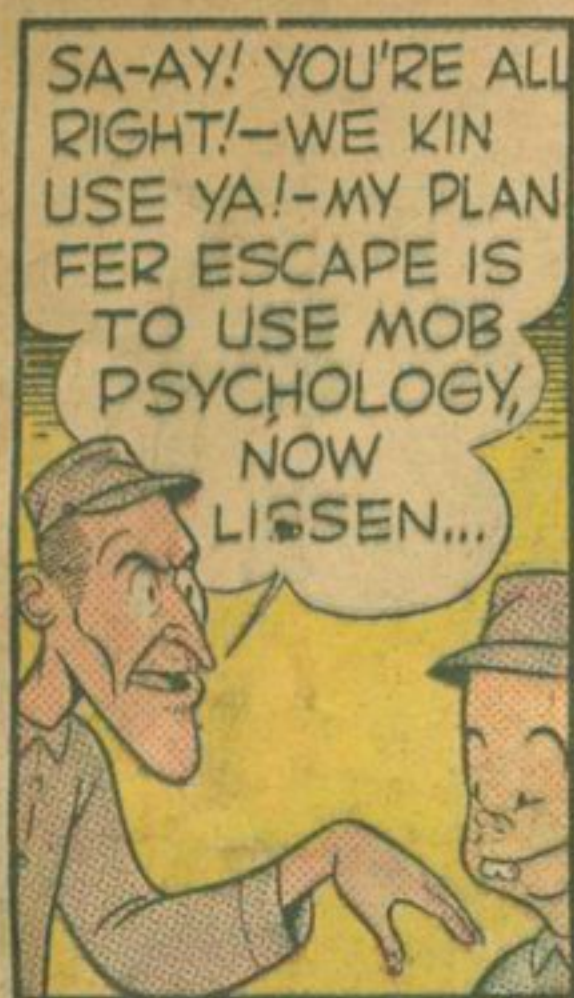


WUN CLOO
DOES NOT
KNOW HOW TO
THROW KNIFE-



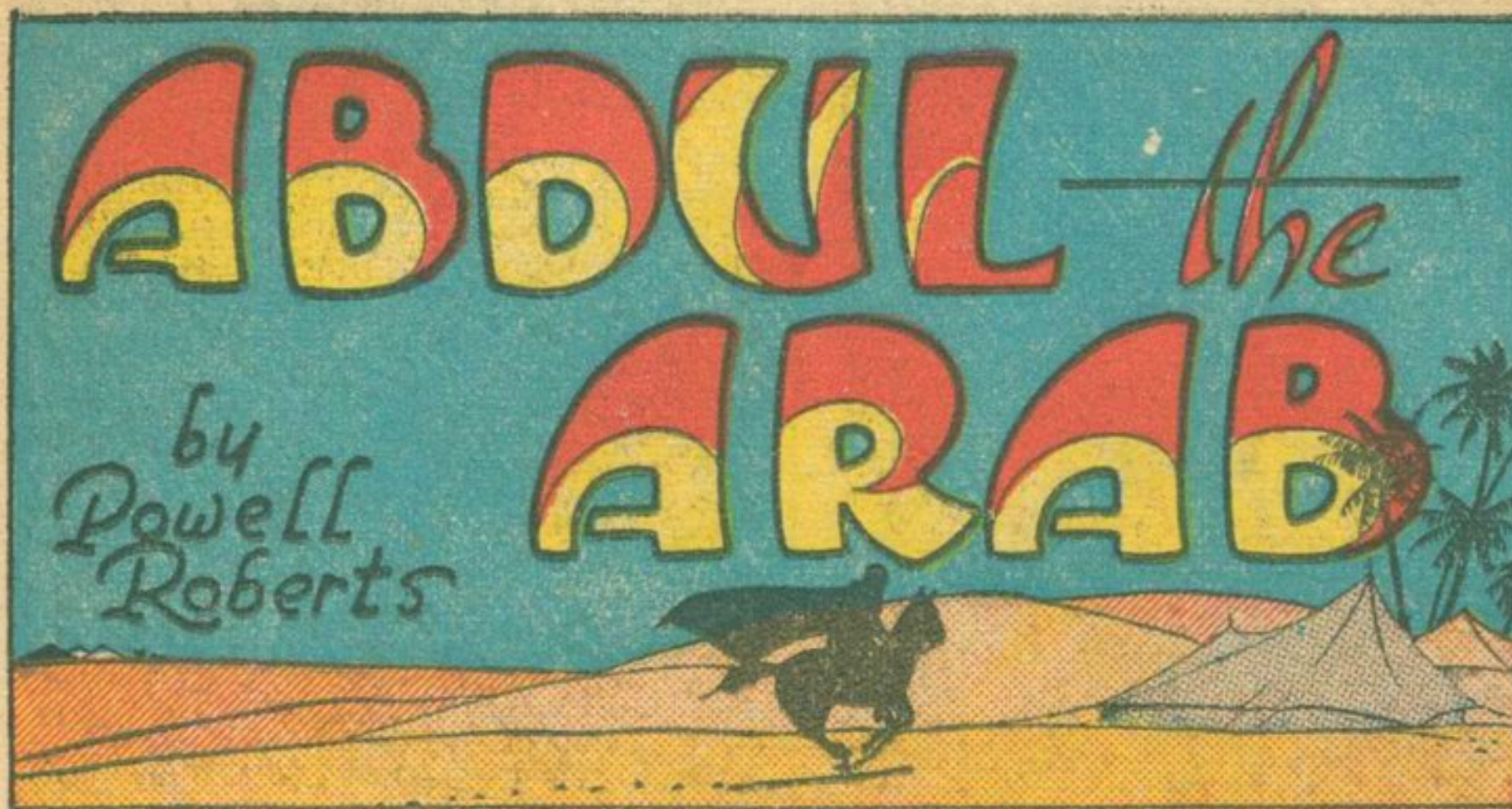
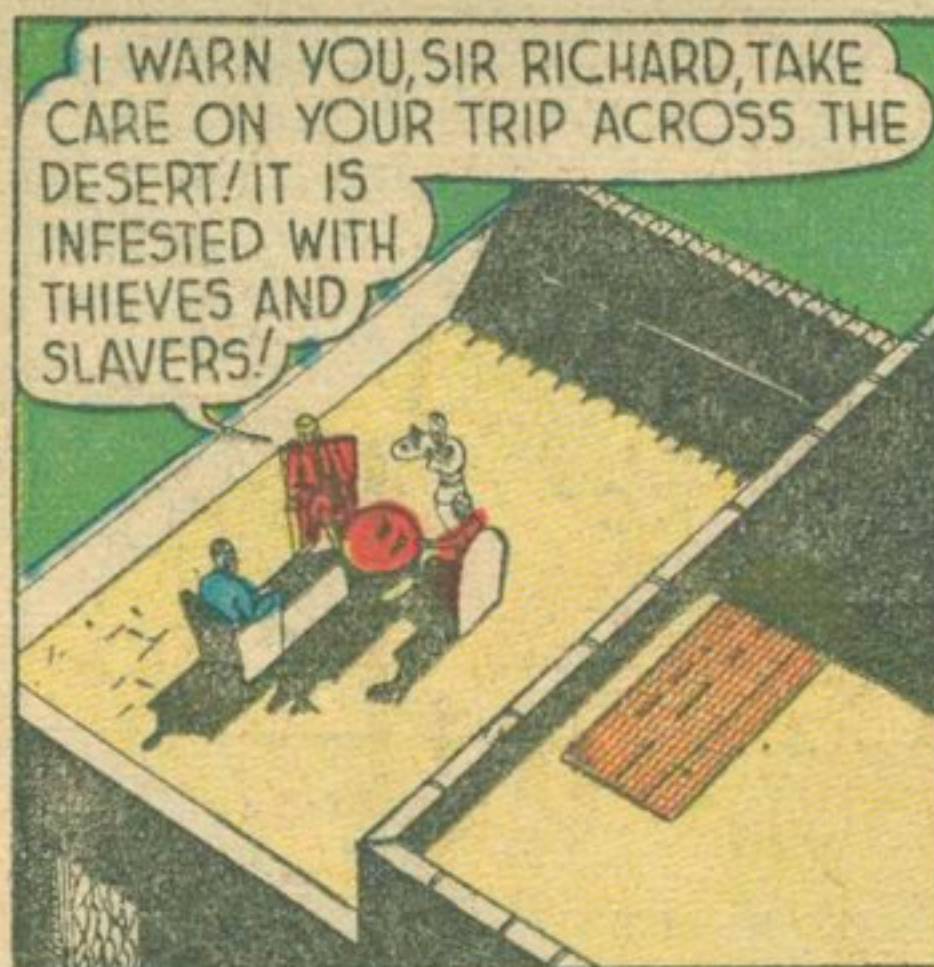
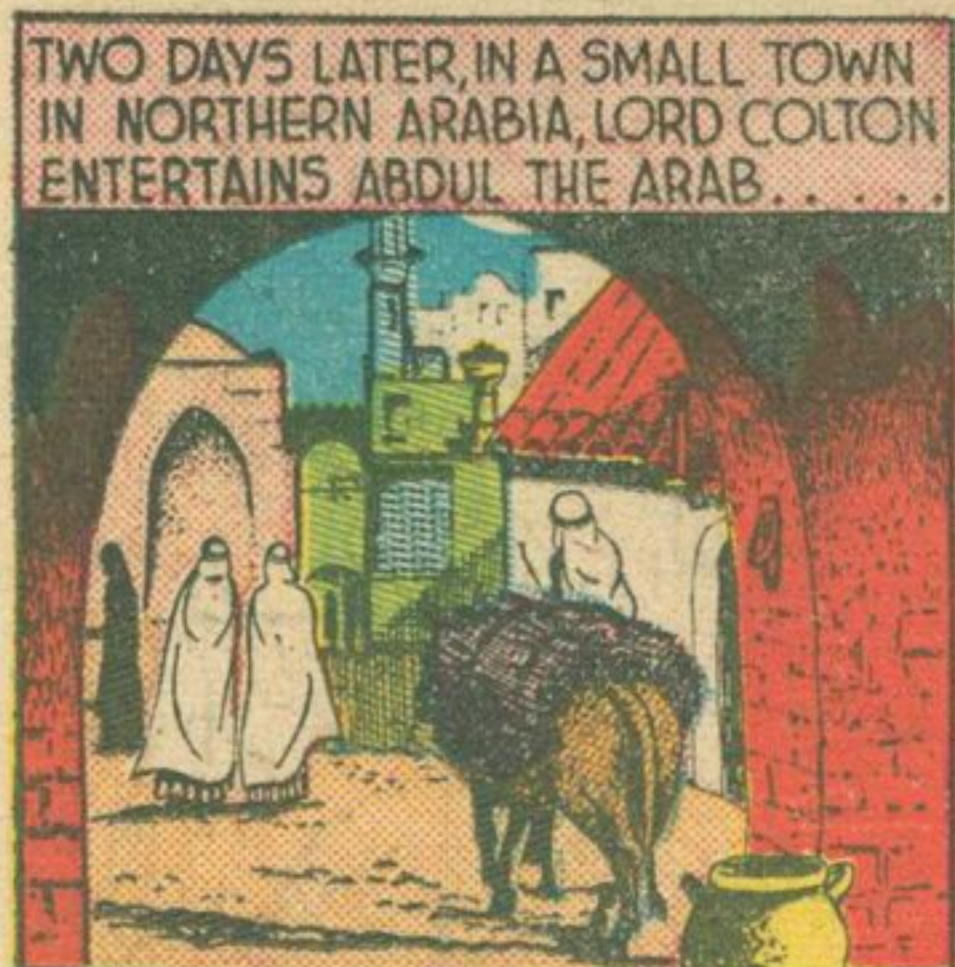
-BUT WUN CLOO
CAN THROW MAN
AND
KNIFE!

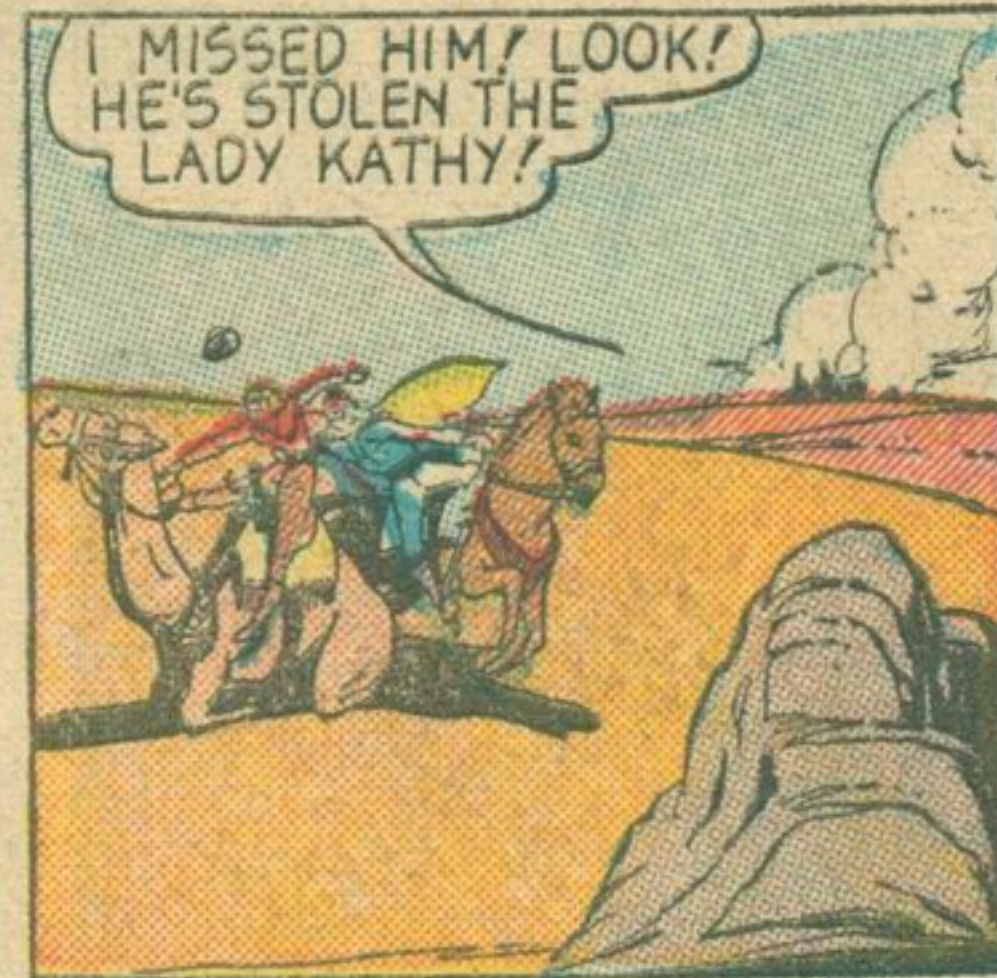




ABDUL the ARAB

by Powell Roberts







HORROR STRICKEN, KATHY TURNS HER FACE AWAY AS ABDUL DRIVES HIS BLADE INTO KARTUK'S CHEST.



MY HORSE IS OUTSIDE THE BACK WALL! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!



LISTEN! THE GUARDS ARE RETURNING!

QUICKLY GAINING THE REAR WALL, KATHY CLAMBERS DOWN THE ROPE TO ABDUL'S HORSE. SUDDENLY, A SQUAD OF GUARDS RUSHES UP.



BALANCED PRECARIOUSLY ON THE NARROW LEDGE, ABDUL FACES THE ONRUSH OF THE SENTRIES. WITH ONE POWERFUL BLOW, ABDUL SENDS THE LOT OF THEM CRASHING TO THE COURT-YARD BELOW.



VAULTING THE WALL, ABDUL DIVES AND GRASPS A PALM BRANCH.



AND SWINGS DOWN TO HIS HORSE, BEHIND THE GIRL.



GRASPING THE REINS, ABDUL SPURS HIS HORSE AND THEY THUNDER OUT INTO THE DESERT.



THANKS FOR THE LIFT, ABDUL!



NO, THANK YOU! IT IS SELDOM I HAVE SO LOVELY A PASSENGER!

RETURNING TO THE CARAVAN OF HASSAN AND LORD COLTON, ABDUL RETURNS LADY KATHY SAFELY TO HER FATHER.



NOW, MY FRIENDS, IT IS DONE! YOU SHALL BE BOTHERED NO MORE. SO WE TAKE OUR LEAVE! FAREWELL!



CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

THE MYSTERY
OF THE
LUMINOUS
EYES...

IT IS LATE
AT NIGHT IN
A WELL-TO-
DO PART OF
LONDON...A
PAIR OF
LUMINOUS
EYES ARE
WATCHING...



A DOOR KNOB TURNS AND
THE EYES MOVE FORWARD
... INTO AN APARTMENT
BEDROOM...



HELP!

AND IN A FLASH
THE FIERY
BALLS ARE
GONE...



WOW!!
WHATEVER
IT WAS,
IT WENT
THROUGH
THIS
WINDOW
FAST!

AT SCOTLAND YARD...

...AND WHEN I
TURNED ON THE LIGHTS
THE EYES **DISAPPEARED**,
AND A **GREEN** NECKTIE
WAS GONE FROM MY
CLOSET!



EXTRA!

LONDON NEWS -
**MONSTER WITH
LUMINOUS EYES
CAUSES TERROR!**
ONLY A
GREEN
NECKTIE
FIRST KNOWN ATT-
ACK MONSTER

A WOMAN PASSING DOWN A DARK-
ENED STREET, CROSSES AN ALLEYWAY



E-E-E-E-E-K!

LATER...

HE MADE NO
ATTEMPT TO
HARM ME,
OFFICER-BUT
HE SNATCHED
MY **GREEN**
HAT!

THAT
MONSTER
AGAIN!



THE MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN
AND AGAIN! HE HAS TAKEN
ONLY SMALL THINGS. A NECKTIE.
A HAT. A KITCHEN DISH AND A
WOMAN'S COAT... ALL COLORED
GREEN! THEN AS TIME PASSES...



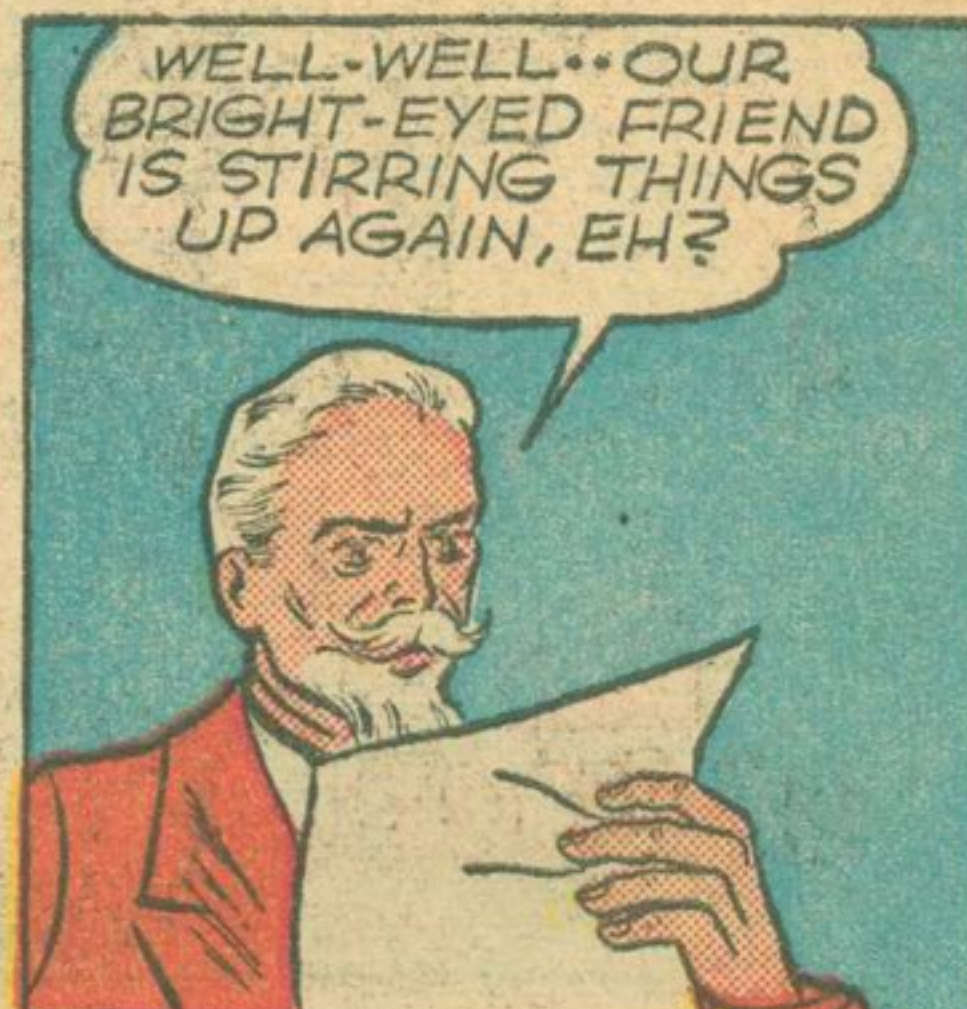
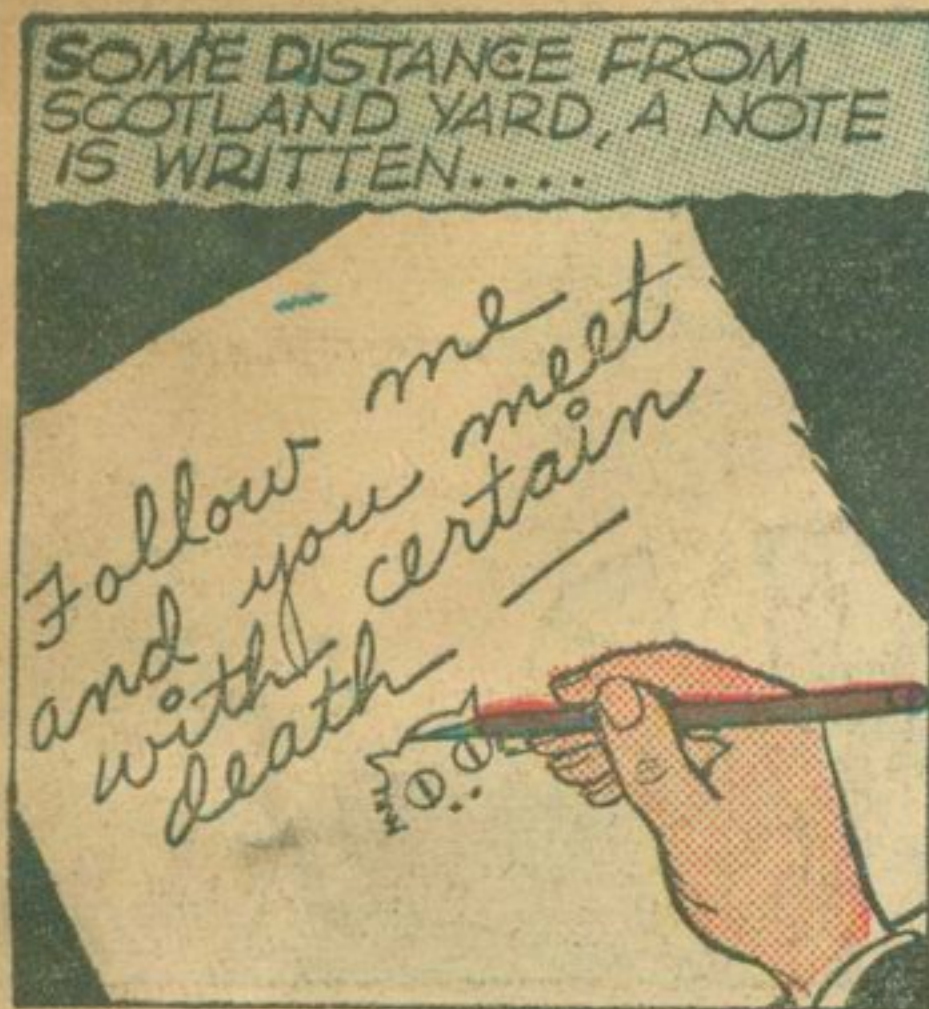
CHIEF, FOR TWO MONTHS
NO ONE HAS SEEN THE
LUMINOUS EYES! BUT
THE CASE HAS NOT
BEEN SOLVED!



CAPTAIN COOK SPEAKS TO
HIS SUPERIOR...

SO FAR, NO ONE'S BEEN
HURT-- BUT NO ONE
KNOWS WHEN THIS
MONSTER
WILL
STRIKE A
DEADLY
BLOW!

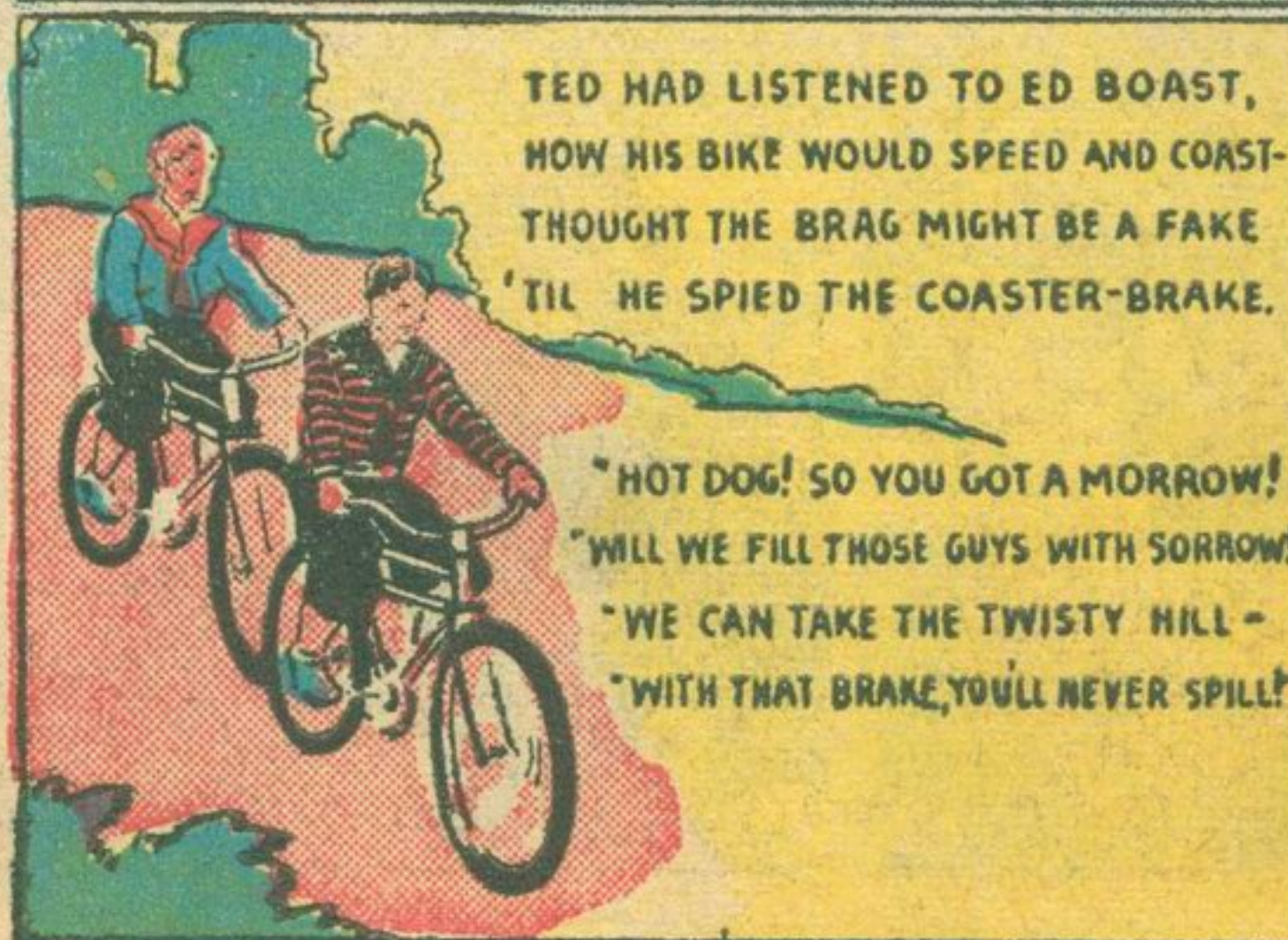
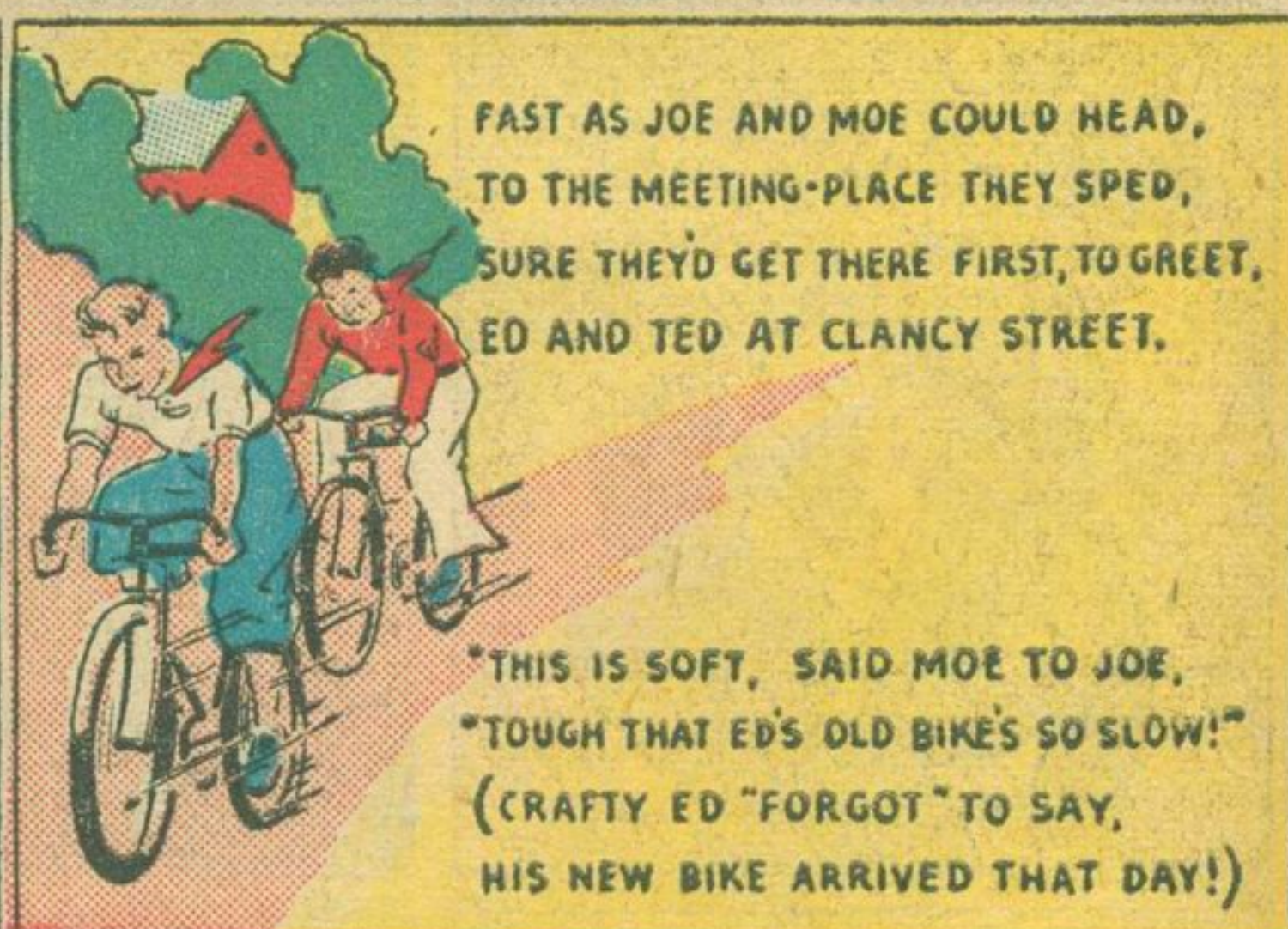
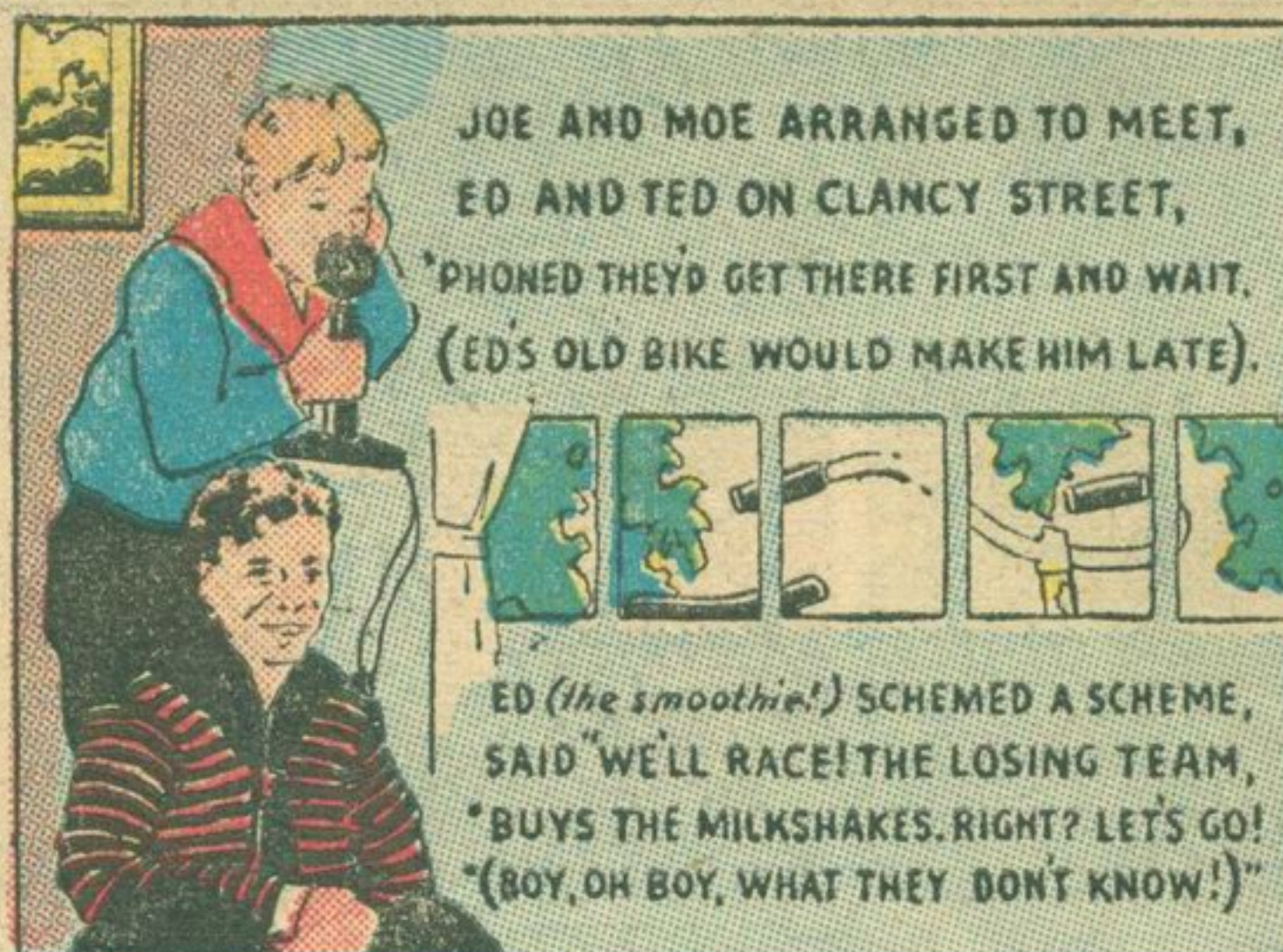








Captain Cook solves another absorbing mystery in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.



Buy SMASH COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

WINGS WENDALL

by VERNON HENKEL

A CRACK TRAIN ROARS TOWARD SEATTLE-ABOARD IS WINGS WENDALL, AMERICA'S ACE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER...



HOW QUIET AND PEACEFUL IS THE COUNTRYSIDE...NICE HOMES...AND SO FAR FROM THE STRIFE OF EUROPE..YET EVIL FORCES ARE AT WORK TRYING TO DESTROY THE



GOOD THINGS WE HAVE!

AS WINGS LEAVES THE TRAIN IN A GREAT SEATTLE STATION, SPYING EYES WATCH HIM CLOSELY



TAXI, SIR?

RIGHT!



..IN THE CAB HE DISCOVERS HE IS NOT ALONE!!

SO SORRY TO STARTLE YOU, CAPTAIN WENDALL!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER? YOU GOT ME WRONG..MY NAME'S NOT WENDALL!



CAPTAIN WENDALL.. PLEASE.. I KNOW YOU!

I GUESS YOU GOT ME..MIND IF I SMOKE?



GO AHEAD... IT MAY BE YOUR LAST!

THANKS!



FLICKING THE CIGARETTE IN HIS CAPTOR'S FACE, WINGS GRABS FOR THE GUN...

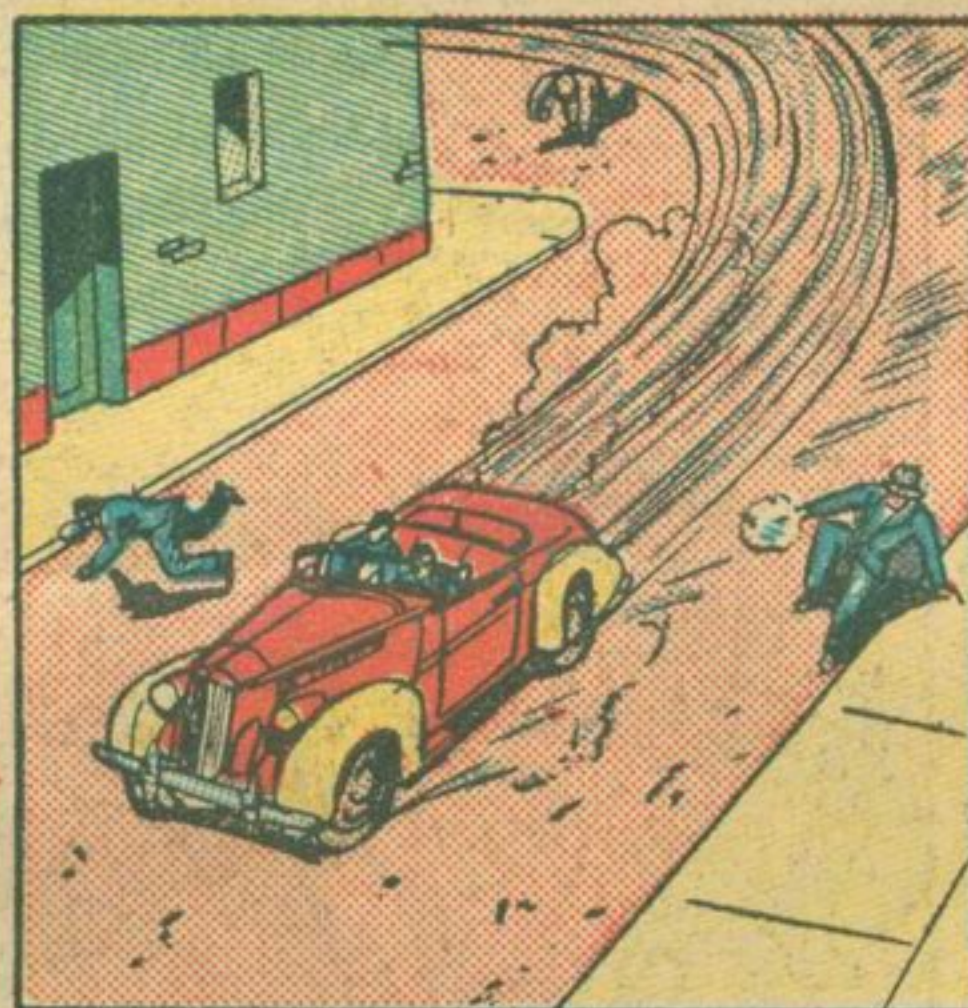


THERE IS A MUFFLED REPORT.. A BODY GOES LIMP!











YES..THIS FOREIGN GROUP HOPE THAT THEIR SABOTAGE WILL DRAW THE SOLDIERS FROM THE PACIFIC COAST... THEN THEY'LL STRIKE!



WE'LL FOOL THEM!.. OUR REGULAR ARMY WILL ALWAYS BE IN READINESS.. TO MOVE ON ANY POINT!



WE KNOW WHERE AND HOW THE ATTACK WILL COME, SIR...BUT WE DON'T KNOW JUST WHEN! THAT, I MUST FIND OUT!



WINGS RETURNS TO SEATTLE AND LOOKS UP SYLVIA LANE...

..AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO HELP OUR UNITED STATES!



HOW? WHAT MUST I DO?

I'M GOING TO USE YOU AS "BAIT" TO TRAP REGI TASHKIM !!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING AN AD APPEARS IN THE PAPERS...

PERSONAL NOTICES

WENDALL.... GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AT THE CARLTON HOTEL.
SYLVIA

WIMBLY LITTLE FINDER 98



THE AD IS READ BY TASHKIM, AS WINGS HAD PLANNED..

THIS IS MISS LANE! SHE KNOWS MY PLANS.. I WILL STOP HER THIS TIME MYSELF!



.. AND REGI IS CLEVERLY LURED INTO THE TRAP...



SHE IS IN ROOM 304 SIR!



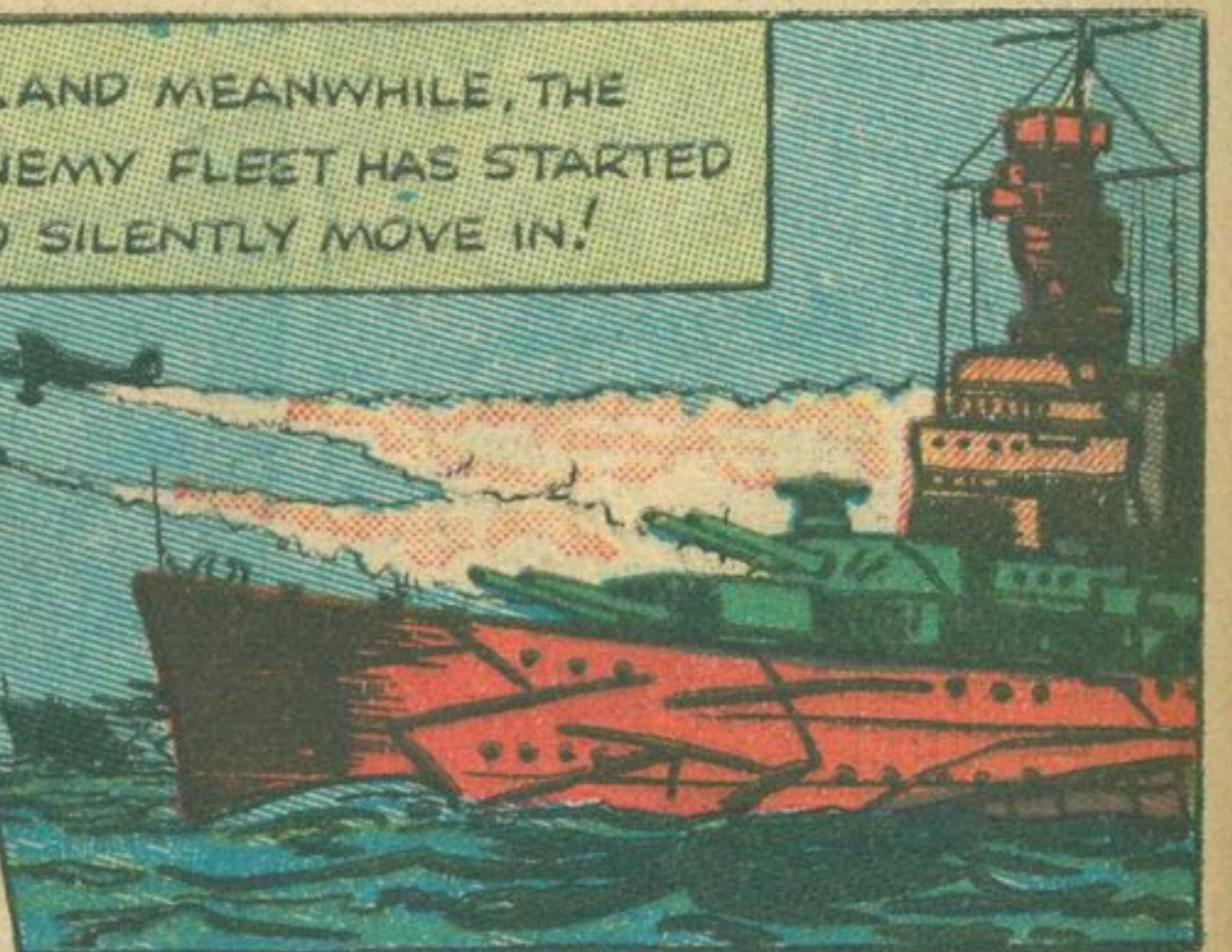
HE'S ON HIS WAY UP.. GET READY, CAPTAIN WENDALL!

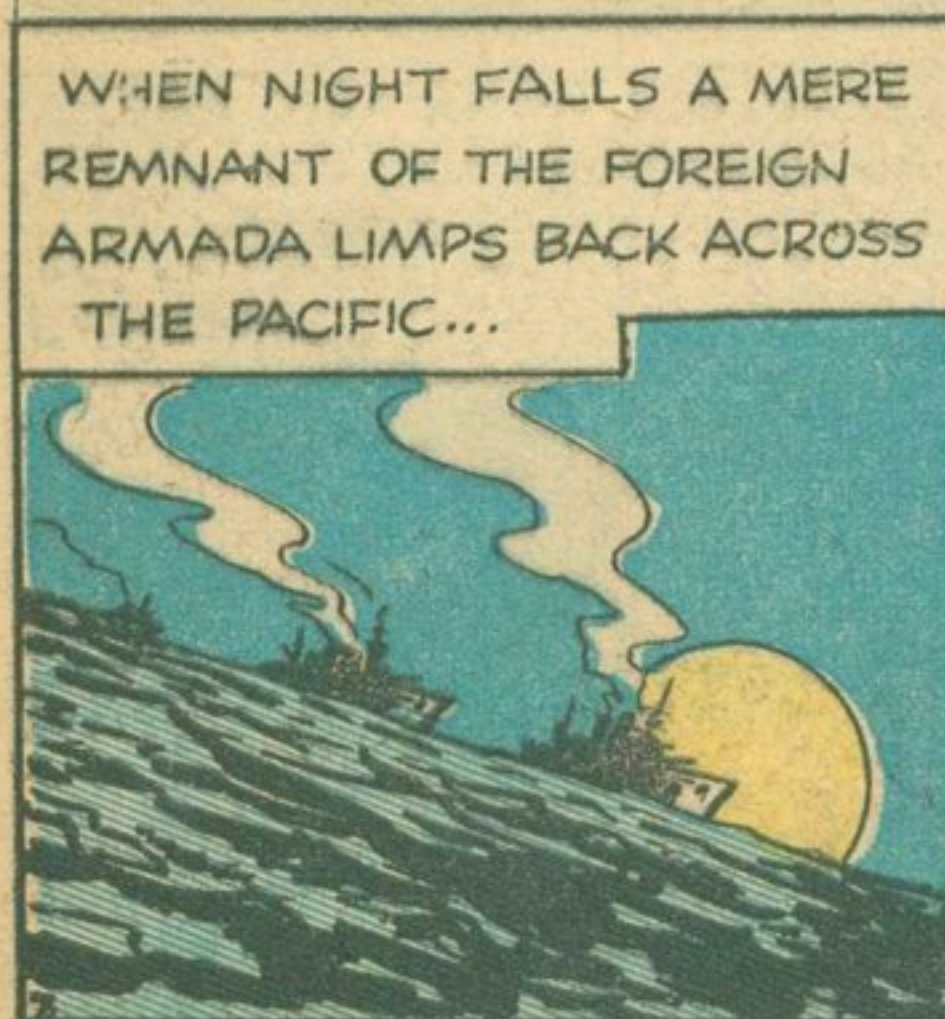
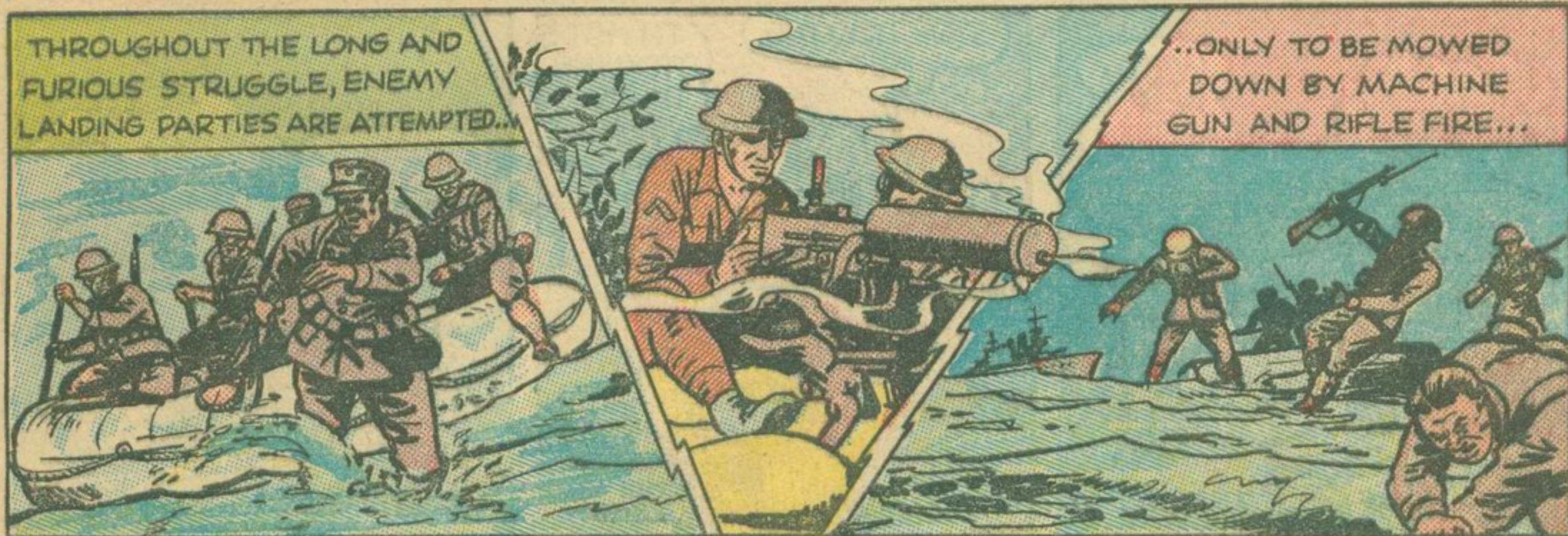
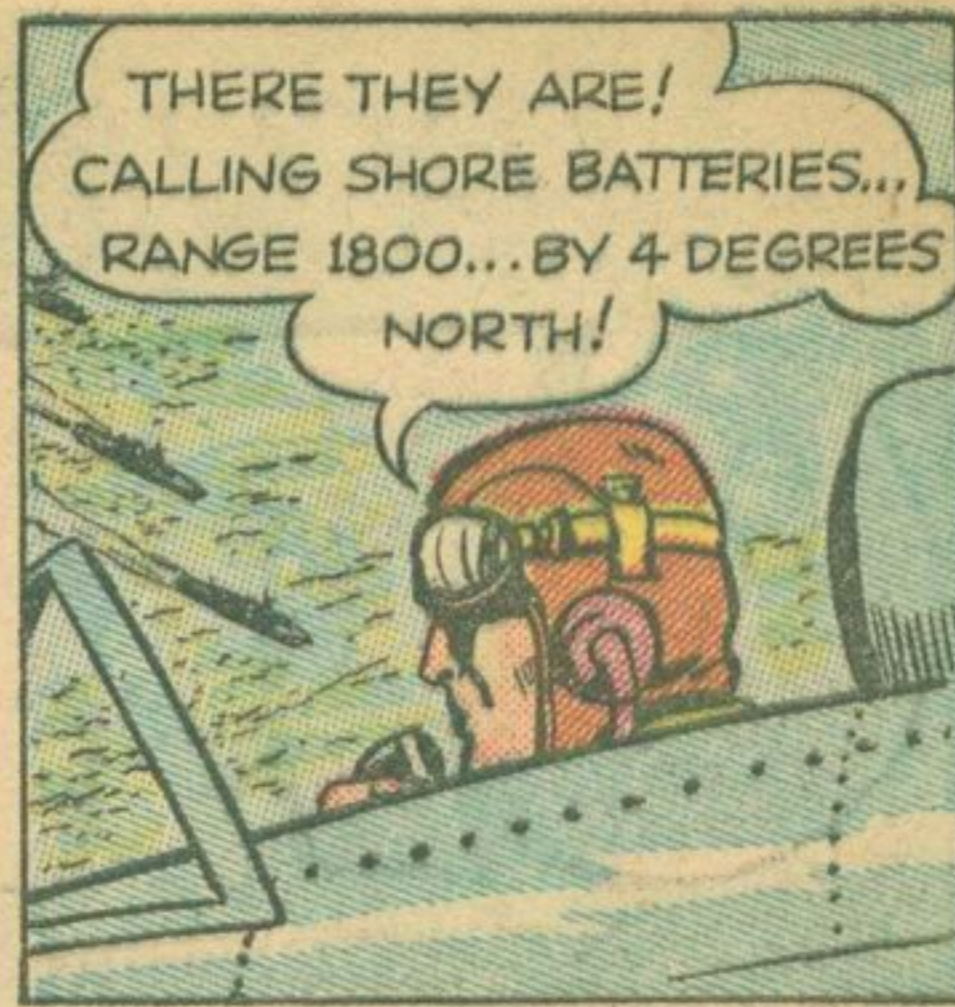


AH..YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING ME, MISS LANE..WERE YOU?



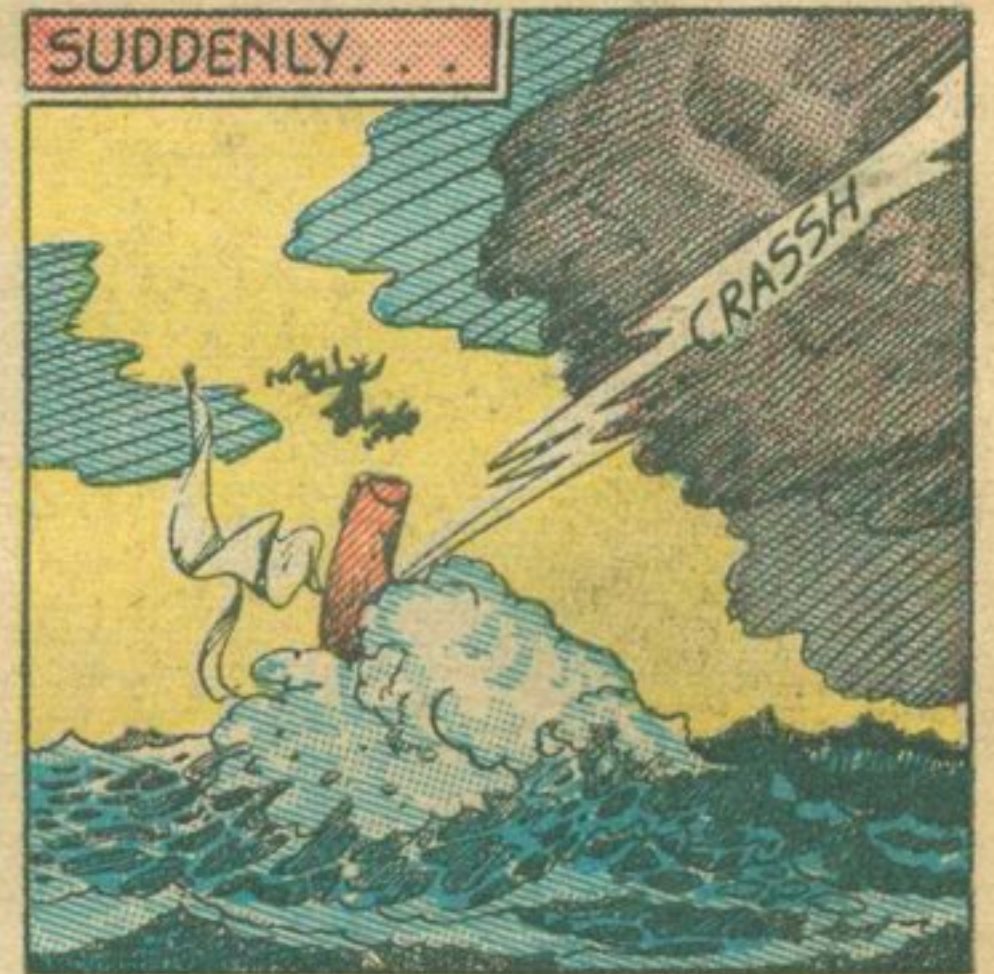
ON THE CONTRARY, REGI... YOU WERE JUST THE ONE WE WERE EXPECTING! YOU CAN DROP THAT GUN!





ARCHIE OTTOOLE

By Bud Thomas





INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

JOHN BARR, FINANCIER, HAS CALLED IN KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD TO SEEK HIS AID....

KENT - THE GREEN GHOST MUST BE CAUGHT - HE'S COMMITTED SEVERAL ROBBERIES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY AND I'M AFRAID I'M NEXT--

NOT ONLY THAT - BUT HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHEN A BIG DEAL IS GOING TO TAKE PLACE - THAT MEANS HE MUST BE A MEMBER OF OUR RICH SET!!

AS YOUR ATTORNEY, MR. BARR, I HAVE TAKEN UTMOST CARE TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM KNOWING OF YOUR DEAL - I PRESUME YOU HAVE THE CASH WITH YOU--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE FROM BEHIND THEM--

THEN I'LL TAKE IT, BARR - HANDS UP, GENTLEMEN!

YES, WARD, IT'S IN MY POCKET!

I-IT'S THE GREEN GHOST!!

RIGHT! NOW GIVE ME THAT MONEY - QUICK!

WE'LL GET YOU YET, MR. GHOST!

NEVER MIND THE TALK - HA-HA!!

MAYBE THIS'LL DO THE TRICK, EH?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

QUICK AS A FLASH, ATTORNEY WARD DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES....

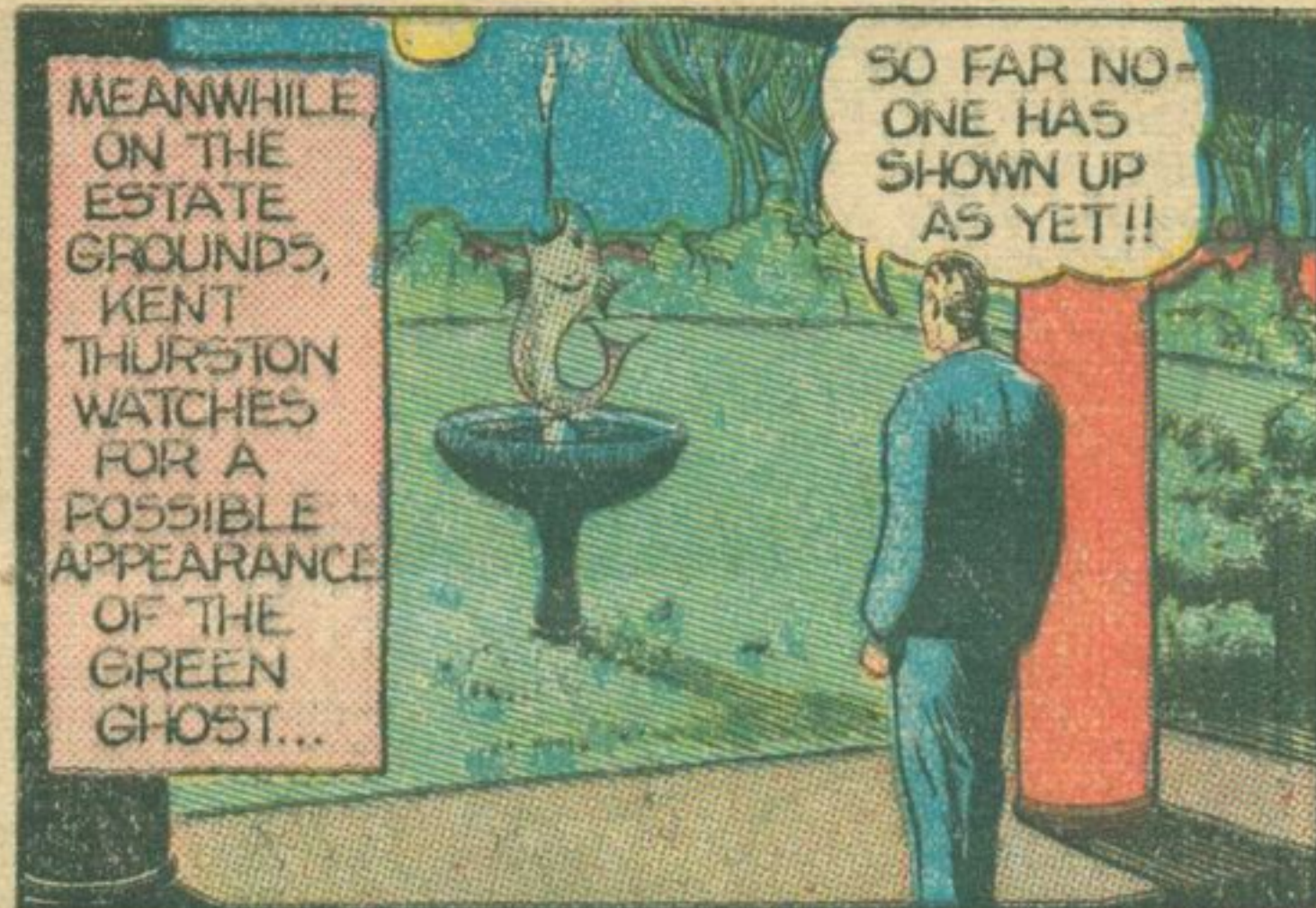
GREAT SCOTT--!! HE'S STILL ALIVE!!

HA-HA-BULLETS CAN'T HARM THE GREEN GHOST - YOU'LL NEVER KILL OR GET ME - GOOD NIGHT, MEN - IT'S BEEN A PROFITABLE EVENING - HA-HA!!

WELL - HE'S GONE! IT'S FANTASTIC - H-HE MUST REALLY BE A GHOST, EH, WARD?

NONSENSE, BARR - BUT I DON'T SEE HOW HE DID IT!!

HMM - HIS OUTFIT WAS CLOSE FITTING - A BULLET-PROOF VEST WOULD'VE BULGED OUT -







HERE'S MY HIDEOUT—
CLIMB UP THAT
LADDER—IT LEADS
TO A TRAP-DOOR
WHICH OPENS UP
INTO THE BOATHOUSE!
PRETTY SLICK, EH?



WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO
WITH ME?

HA-HA-TIME
WILL TELL,
BARR!!



TAKE
THAT—!

Ugh—!



THAT DID THE
TRICK—NOW TO
SEE WHO HE
IS—



WHAT
TH'—!!

HANDS UP,
BARR—
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THE GREEN
GHOST!!
HA-HA!!

AS THE GREEN GHOST TURNS
TO CLOSE THE TRAP-DOOR,
BARR SEES HIS CHANCE...



I SEE MY
PAL IS
RECOVERING
FROM YOUR
BLOW, BARR!!

SO—THERE ARE **TWO**
GREEN
GHOSTS!!



YES, BARR—I WAS THE
ONE WHO HELD YOU
UP AT YOUR HOME
THE OTHER
NIGHT!!

AND AS YOU
ALREADY KNOW,
I DID THE
POWERS
HOLDUP!!
HA-HA!!



WHILE ONE OF US WAS
DOING THE ROBBING,
THE OTHER HAD AN
ALIBI—THAT'S HOW WE
ESCAPED SUSPICION—!!

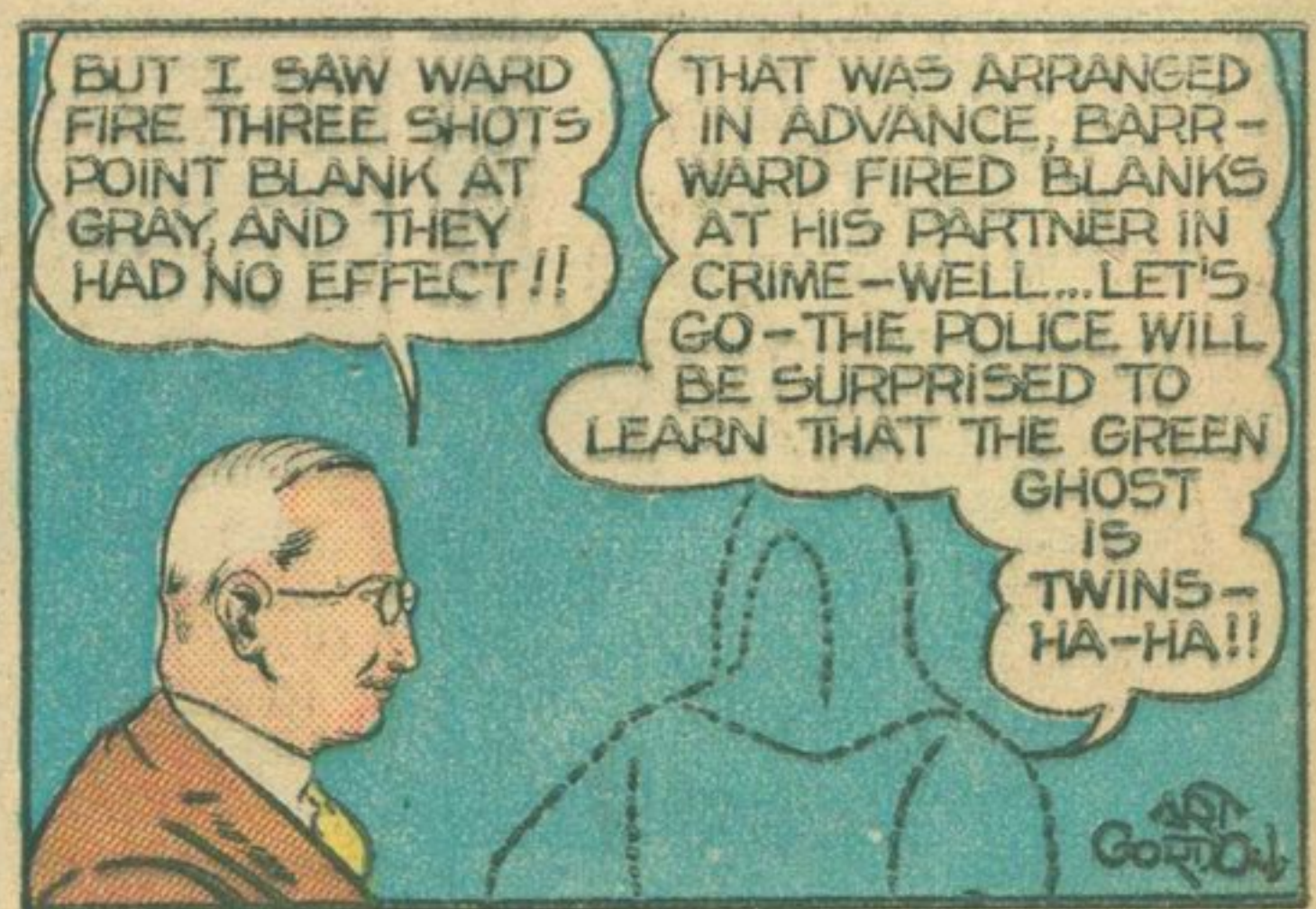


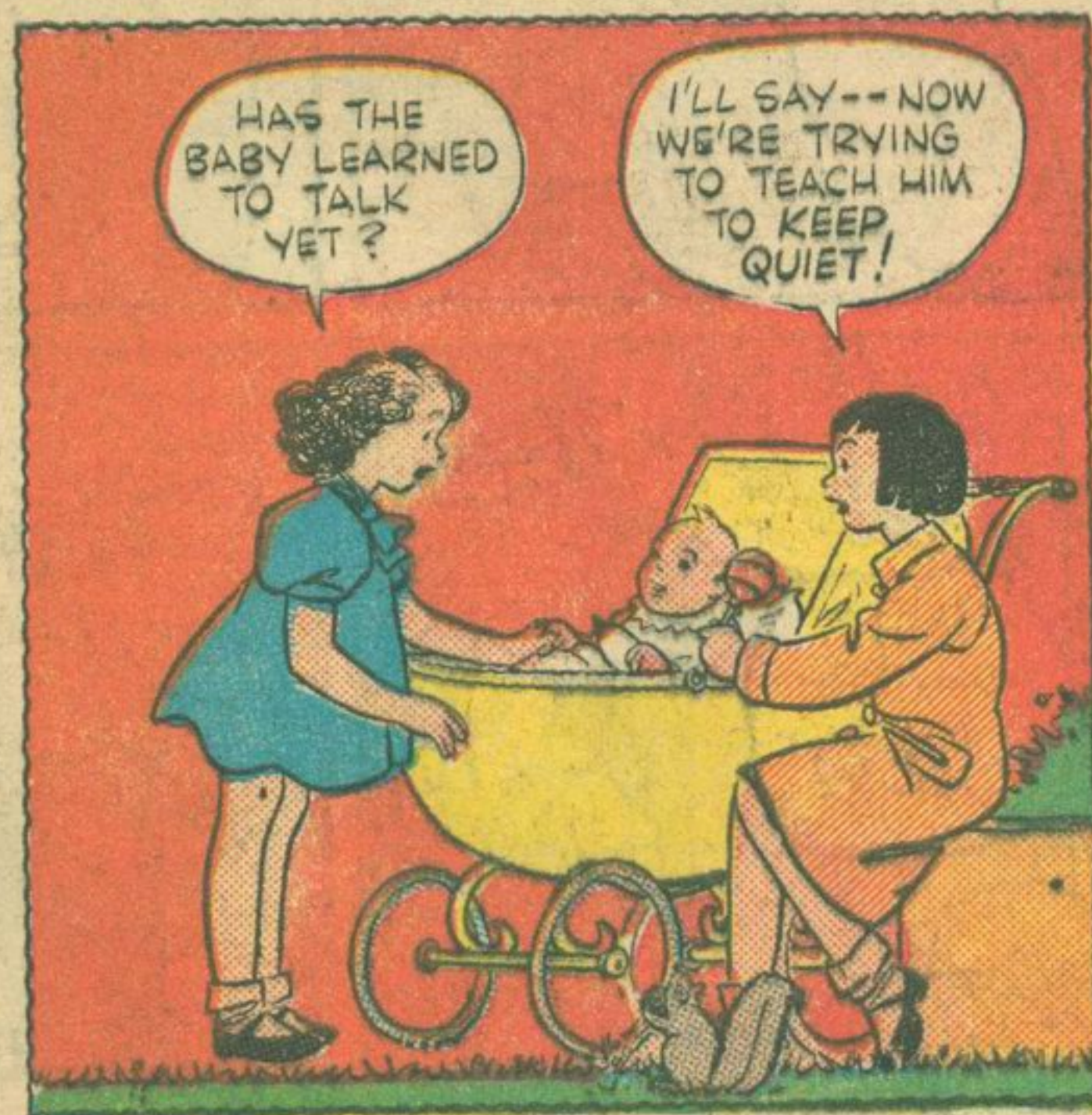
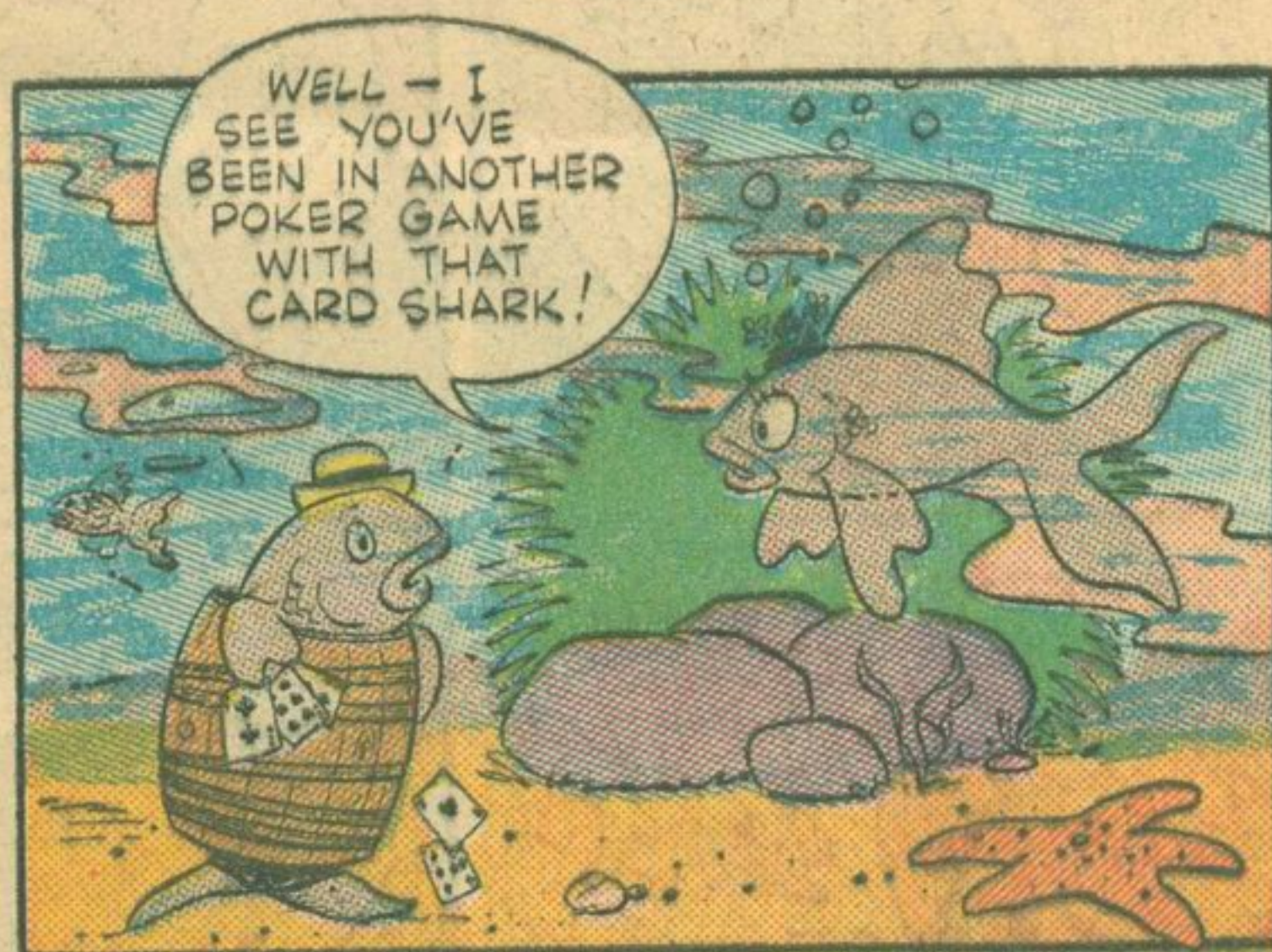
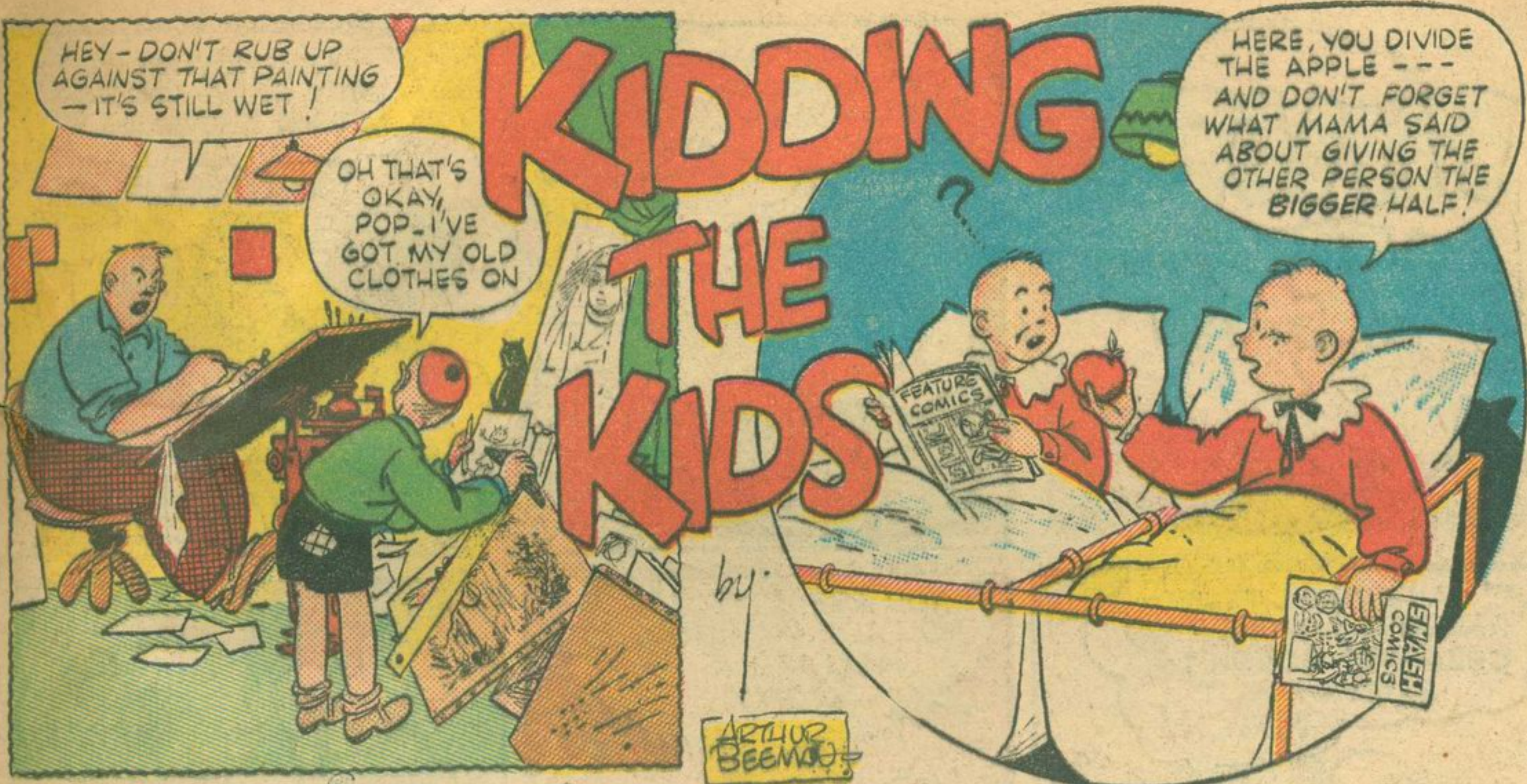
MEANWHILE, THE INVISIBLE HOOD
HAS REACHED THE HIDEOUT....

TWO
GREEN
GHOSTS, EH?
HERE'S
WHERE THE
FUN BEGINS!



NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW
OUR REAL IDENTITIES, BARR—
WE HAVE SWORN TO
KEEP THEM SECRET!!

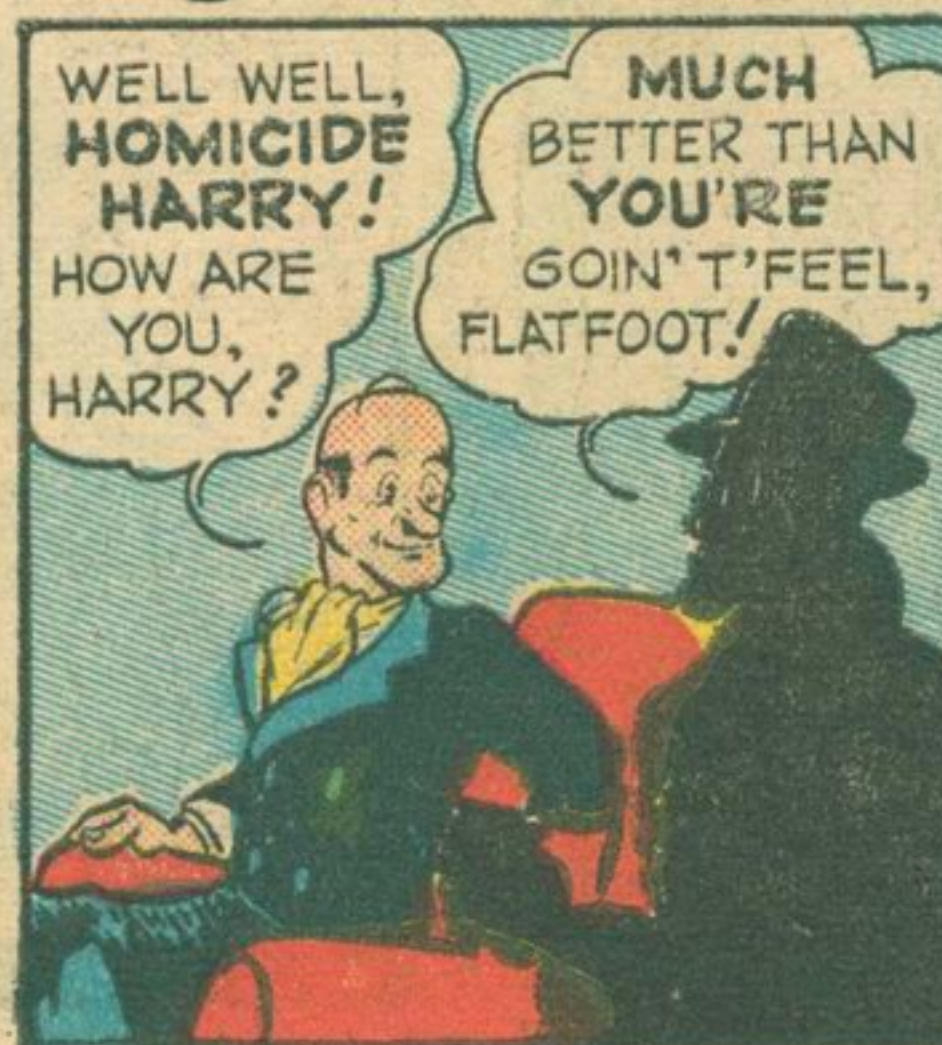
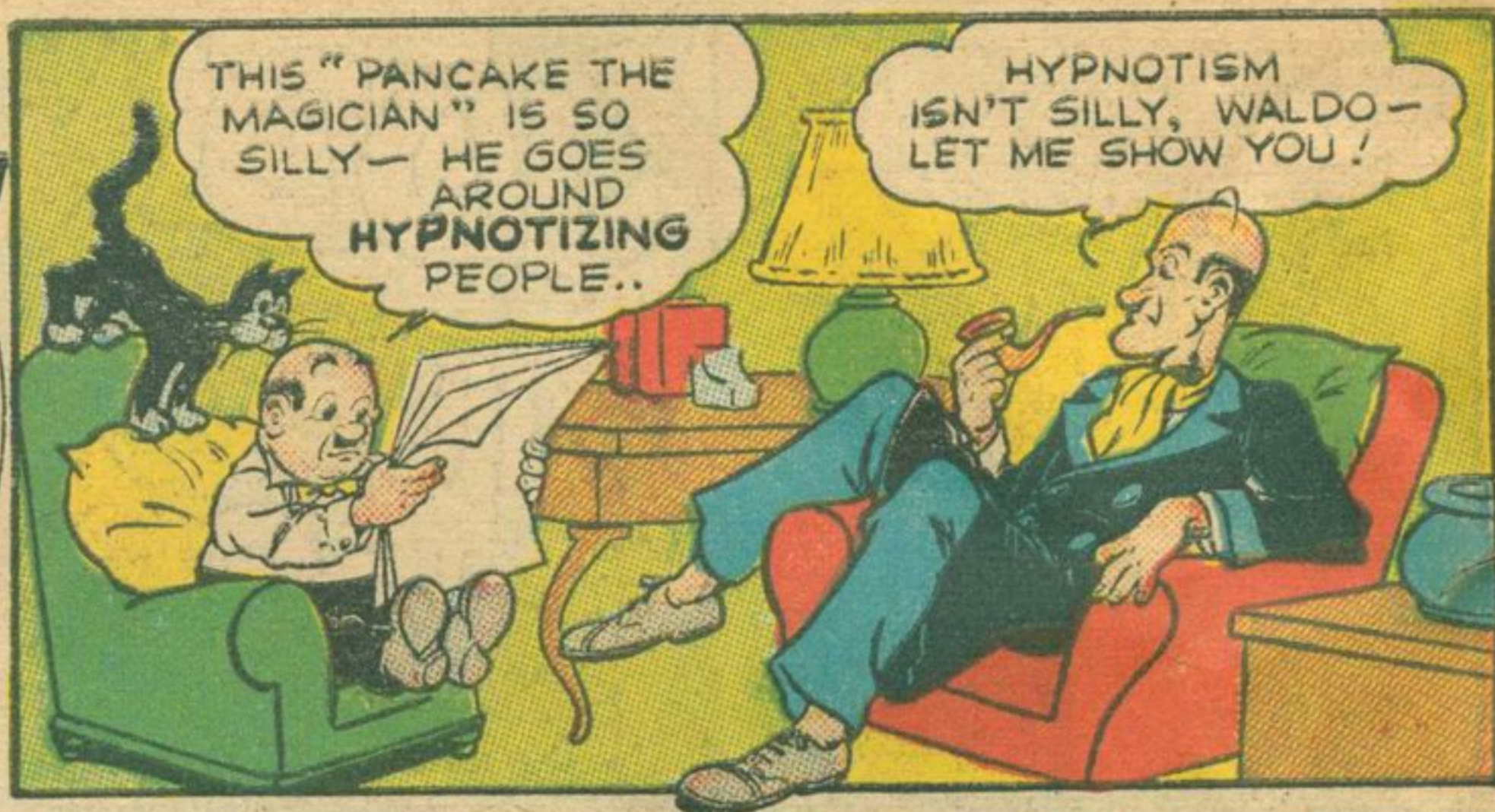


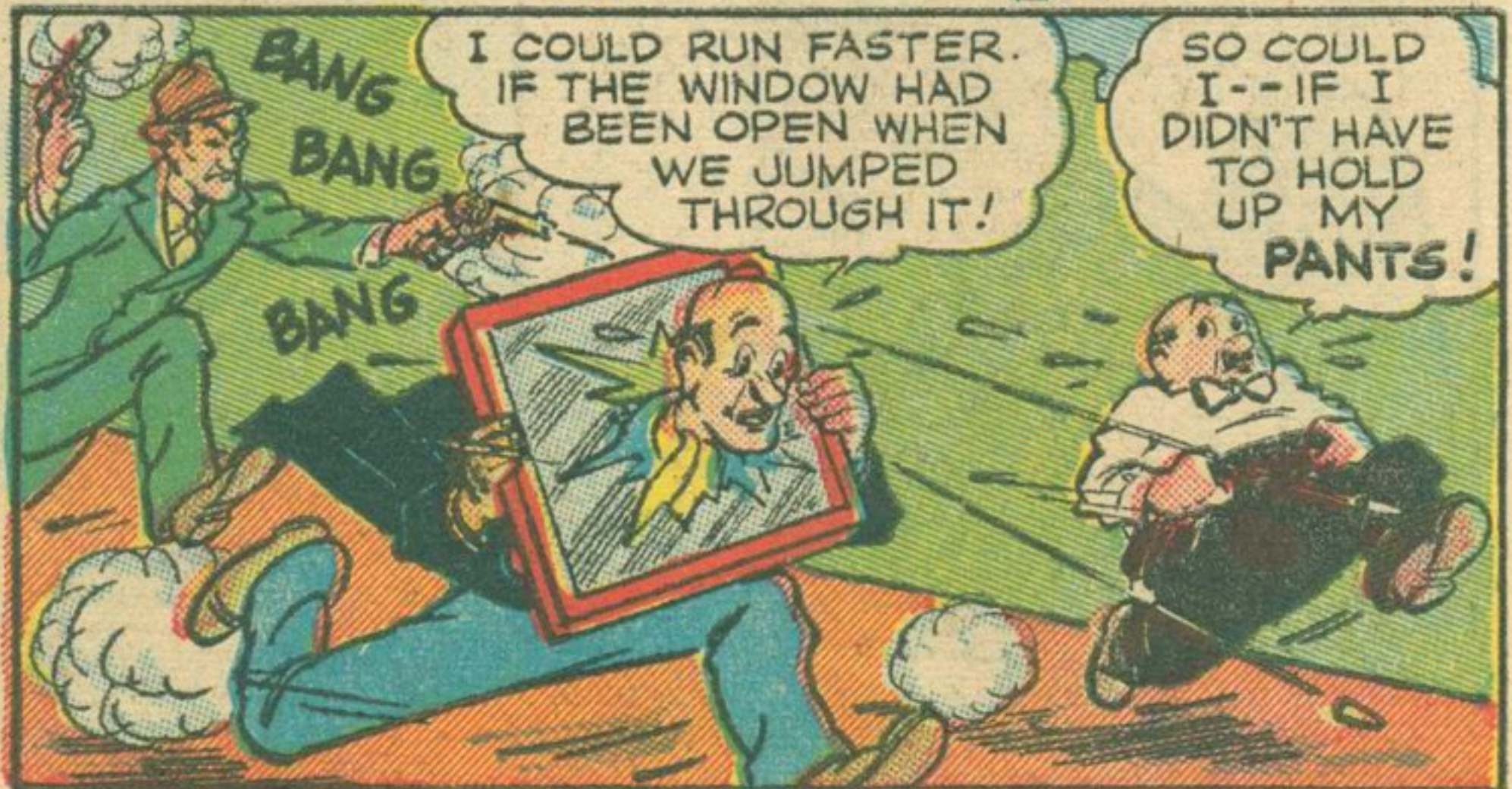
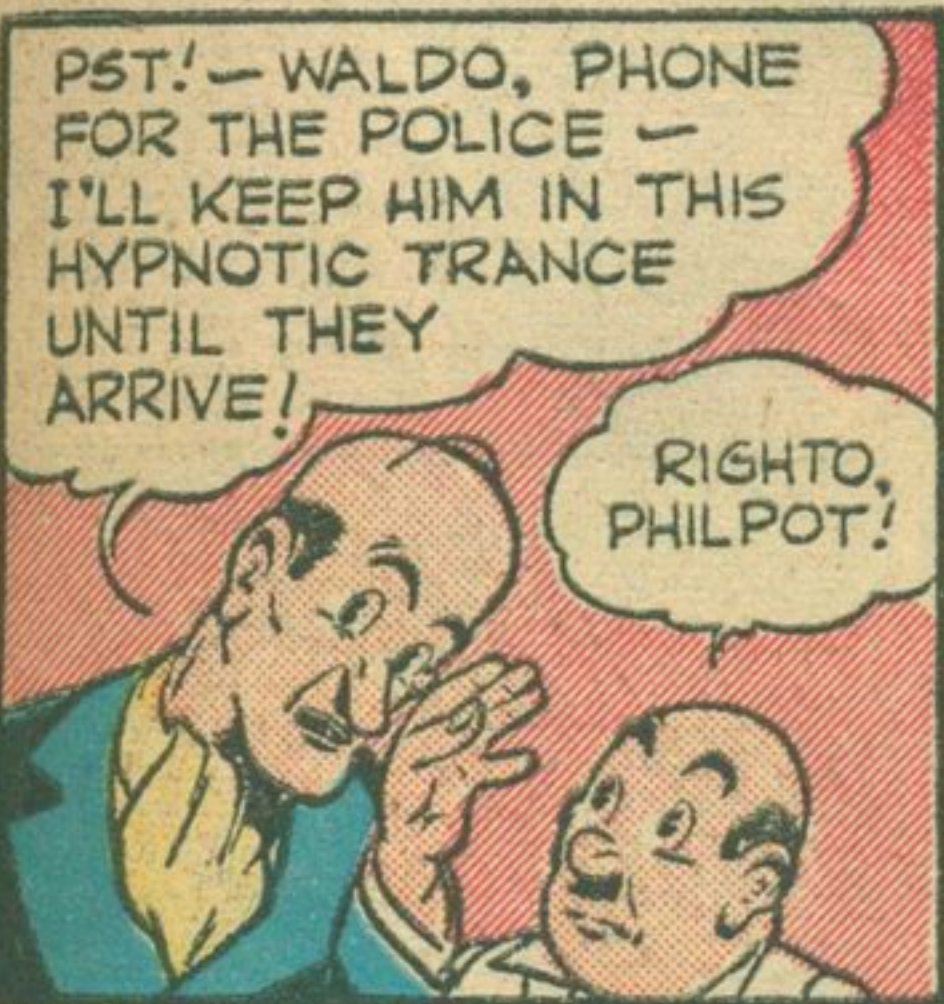


SMASH COMICS is the "tops" in monthly comic magazines.

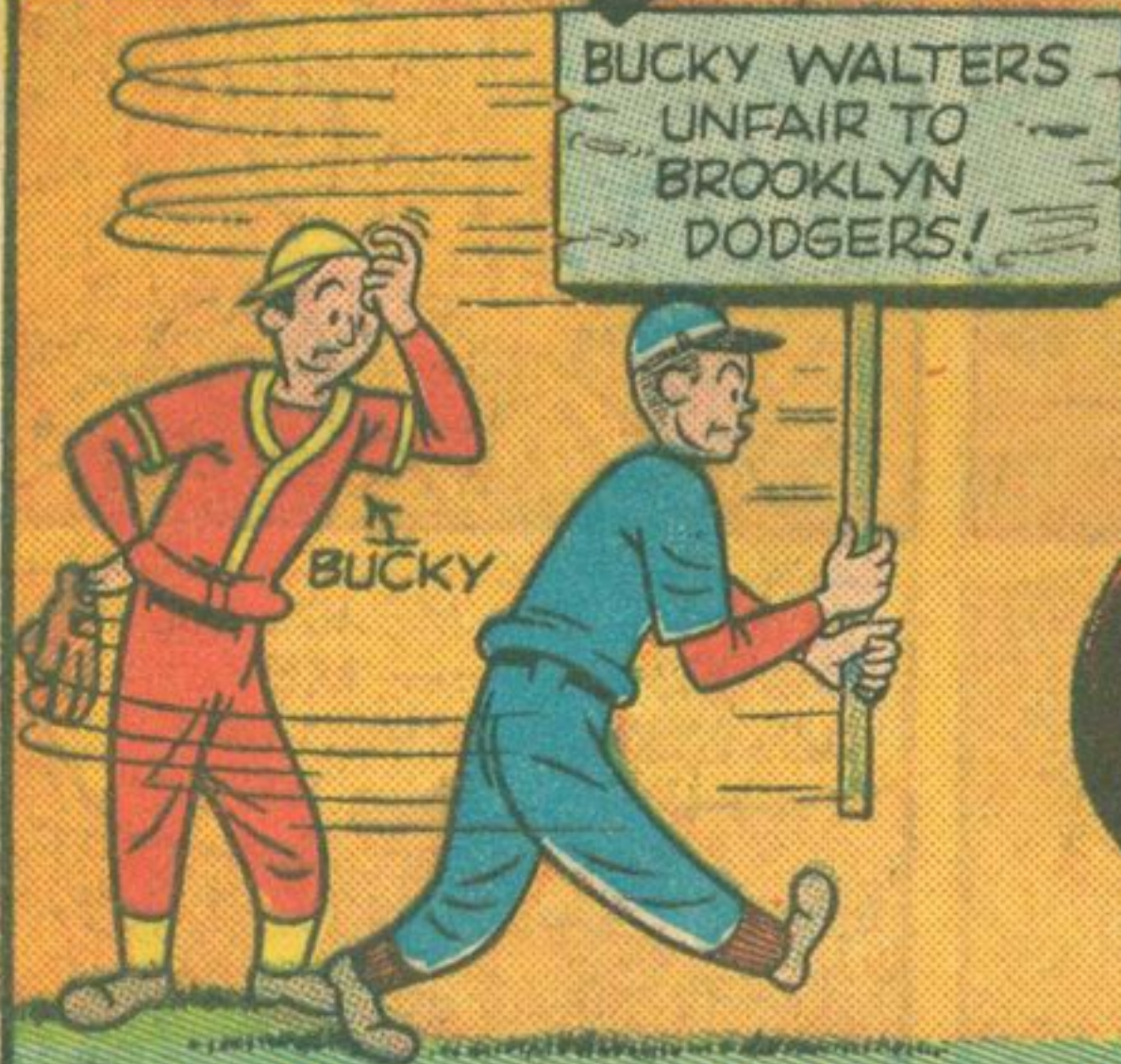
PHILPOT VEEP

by Devlin





Sportraits



BUCKY DOWNED THE BROOKLYN DODGERS SEVEN TIMES DURING 1939, A RECORD NUMBER OF WINS FOR A PITCHER OVER ANY ONE TEAM...

BRILLIANT MOUNDSMAN OF THE CINCINNATI REDS... **"BUCKY"** LAST SEASON'S NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPS ...HIS GREAT PITCHING WAS THE TALK OF BASEBALL...

WALTERS

C'MON BUCKY, TAKE IT... YA WON IT!

AW G'WAN, YOU'RE KIDDIN'... IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!!



IT WAS PROBABLY DUE TO BUCKY'S GREAT HURLING THAT THE REDS CAME THROUGH WITH THEIR FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP IN TWENTY YEARS!

WALTERS! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU THAT YOU CAN'T PITCH FROM THIRD BASE?

OH GEE, I FORGOT...

-BILL FOX-



WHILE WITH THE PHILLIES, WALTERS, WHO WAS A THIRD BASEMAN, WAS CONVERTED TO PITCHING...

SWEET SNARE

JOHN LAW

Scientective

JOHN LAW, SCIENTIST, LAWYER AND CRIMINOLOGIST IS RETAINED BY A GROUP OF 13 WEALTHY MEN, WHOSE RUIN IS PLOTTED BY A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY, KNOWN AS "THE AVENGER".....

LAW EXPOSED THE AVENGER AS JAMES ROWAN, AN INSANE INVENTOR, WHO BELIEVES THE IS AMASSED THEIR WEALTH BY PIRATING AN INVENTION OF HIS, MANY YEARS AGO.....

ROWAN HAD BEEN POSING AS ALBERT LEWIS, ONE OF THE 13, AND HAD LOCKED THE REAL LEWIS IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.....

HERE'S A COURT ORDER FOR THE RELEASE OF ALBERT LEWIS.

MR. LAW!

FINE! I'LL GO UP TO THE SANITARIUM TOMORROW, JUDGE!

...FLASH!... YOUR KEY-HOLE REPORTER HAS LEARNED THAT ALBERT LEWIS, WEALTHY LOCAL LIGHT, WHO HAS BEEN FRAUDULENTLY CONFINED IN THE LOONEY-BIN AT SHADY NOOK, IS TO BE RELEASED!.....

I'LL GO ALONG!

JOHN LAW, KNOWN AS THE SCIENTECTIVE, WILL BAIL HIM OUT TOMORROW....

THAT NIGHT, JUNE CARTER, LAW'S ASSISTANT, HEARS THE NEWS FLASHES

JOHN LAW, THE SCIENTECTIVE, WILL BAIL HIM OUT TOMORROW...

HA! THANKS FOR THE TIP!

ALSO LISTENING, IS ROWAN, THE AVENGER.

OH JOHN, TAKE ME UP TO SHADY NOOK WITH YOU?

SURE!... SAY-HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GOING?

THE NEXT MORNING.

WHY, I HEARD IT ON THE RADIO LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S BAD! 10 TO 1, THE AVENGER HEARD IT TOO!

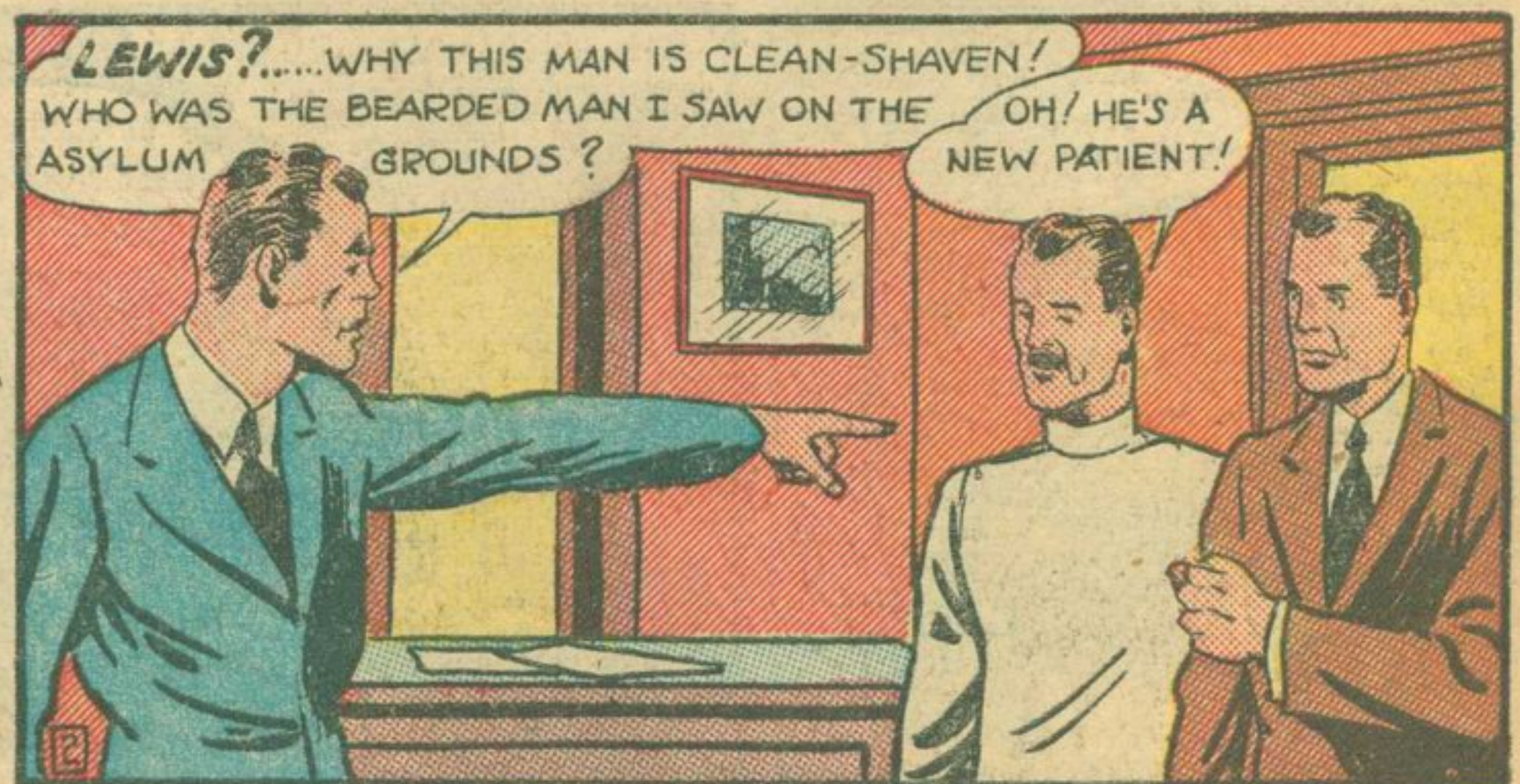
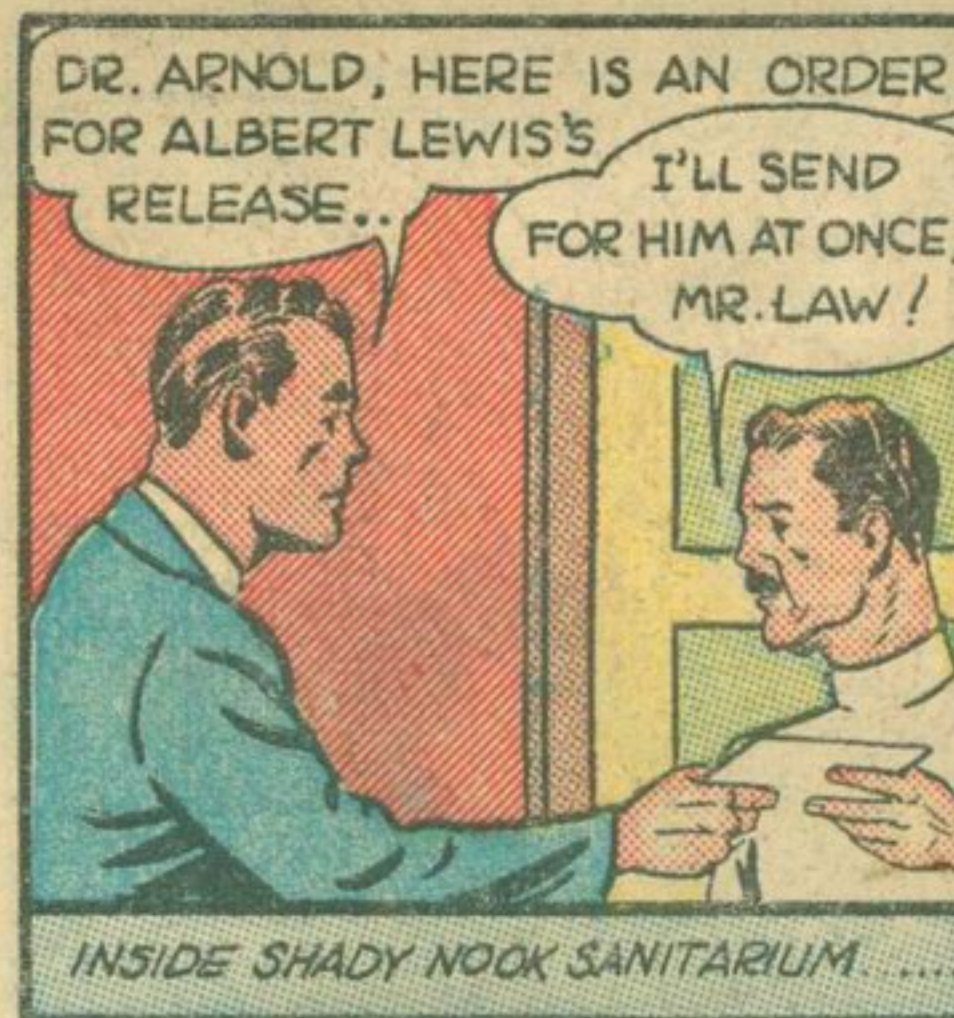
WHY THE FURROWED BROW, JOHN?

I'M WORRIED! THE AVENGER MAY TRY SOMETHING!

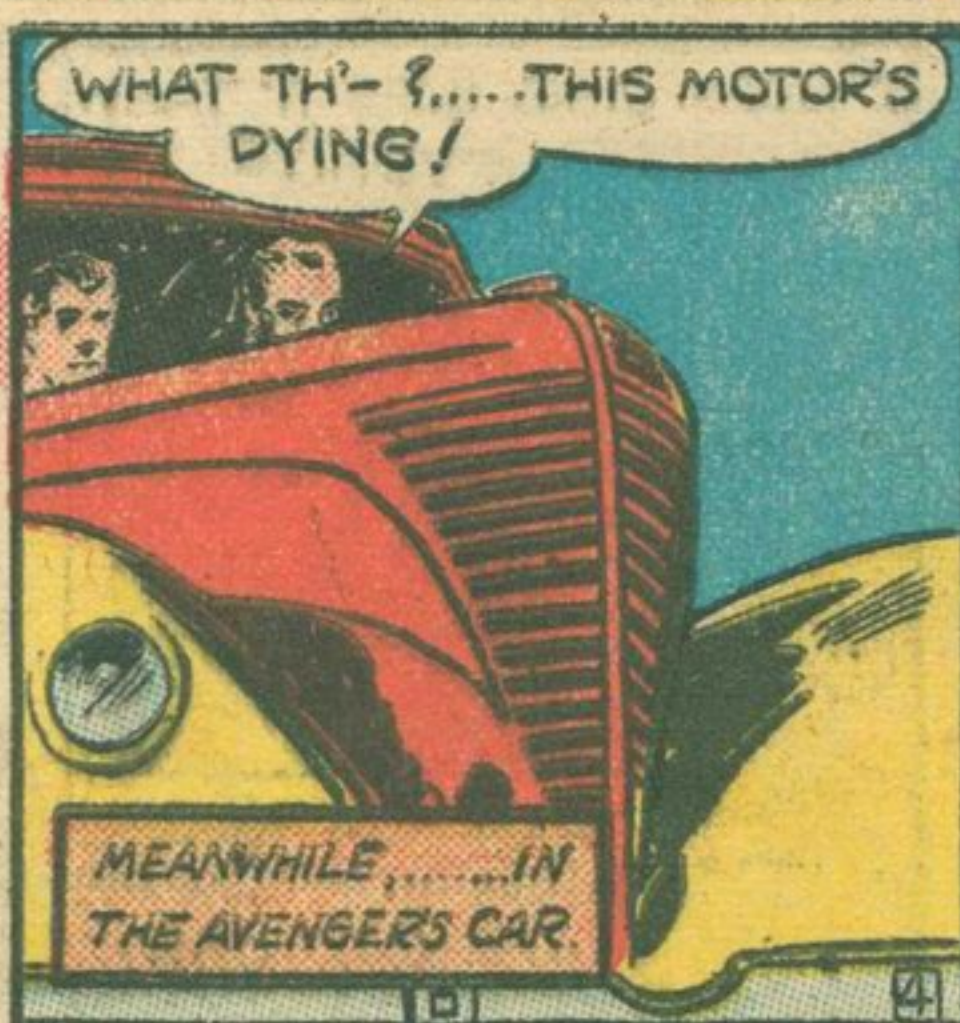
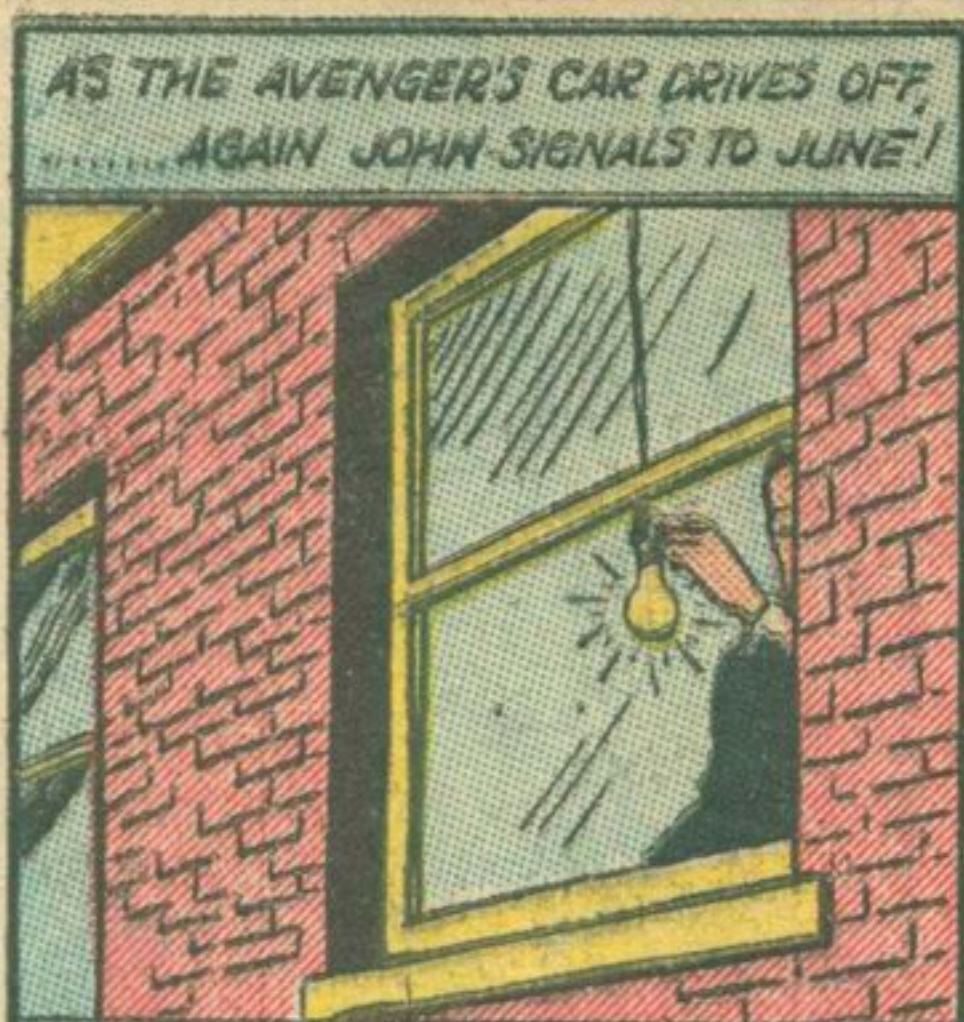
OH, JOHN!... PLEASE STOP! I WANT TO GET SOME SYRUP FOR DAD, HE ADORES IT!

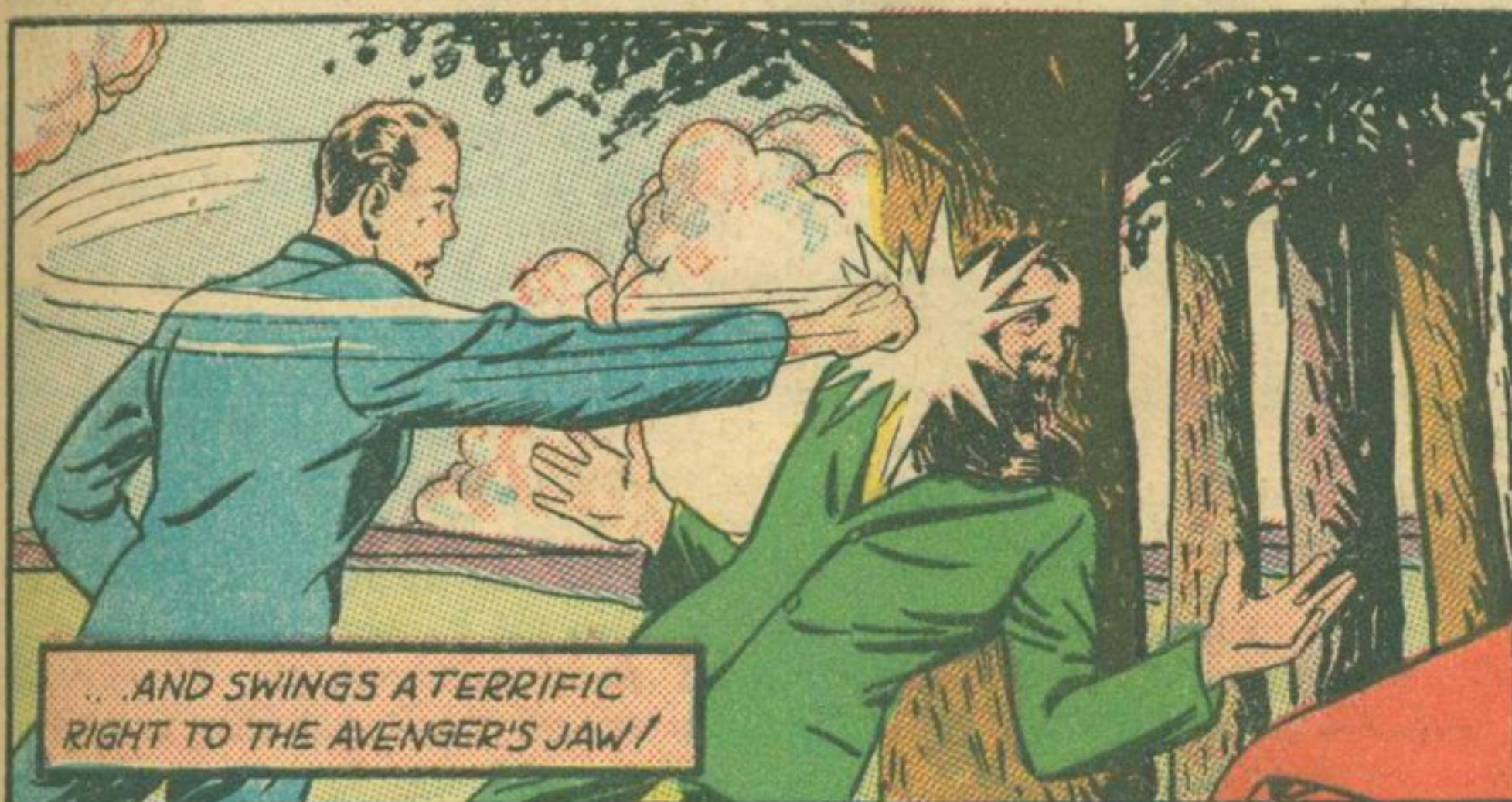
O.K., JUNE, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!

STOP MAPLE SYRUP









Chief John's Legacy

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

"That cube," sighed James Christian to his nephew, Jimmie, "was sent to the consul in Quito about five years ago. He in turn sent it on to me. Yes, it is a mystery, Jimmie. If we could read the writing on its sides I'm sure it would give some key to my brother Gerald's disappearance."

Jimmie Christian nodded, staring at the cube of blue clay that had stood on his uncle's desk for years. It fascinated him. What was its mystery? Some day he would get to the bottom of it, solve the riddle of Gerald Christian's strange disappearance in the Ecuador jungles.

"Uncle James," he said suddenly, "remember what you told me once, that you'd tell me the story of your trip on my eighteenth birthday? Well, today—"

"You scamp!" chided James Christian. "I might've known you wouldn't forget. Well, so I did promise. I haven't told you before because you've got the Christian blood in your veins. I suppose, after you've heard it, you'll be packing off to the jungles in search of Gerry—"

"That, Uncle," interrupted Jimmie, "is exactly what I intend doing—if you'll let me."

James smiled wanly. "Perhaps. But sit down there, youngster, and listen to the weirdest yarn you've ever heard."

It was in April (James Christian began) when Gerry and I landed in Quito. The college had sent us out to locate a tribe of white Indians supposed to live somewhere up the Narribo river. The rains were still on and I was for staying in Quito until they stopped, but Gerry would

have none of it. He was headstrong, wanted to make his mark at college in a hurry.

Against my better judgment, then, we set out with a fairly large party of natives as porters. At least four weeks of rain faced us. If you ever see those wilds, you'll know what rain really is. You'll learn about traveling. Swamps knee-deep with snake-infested water; fever-laden mists rising everywhere; mosquitoes buzzing over you constantly.

Six days out we reached a patch of dry ground and made camp for the night. The porters had been giving us a bit of trouble; they hated the rain, and old John, the headman, had developed a bitter hatred for Gerry. Gerry never was very diplomatic and he'd cussed the old demon out several times. I knew there'd be trouble sometime, and I warned Gerry, but he laughed at me.

That night, as we rolled into our blankets, I had a premonition of disaster and dropped off to sleep with a chill at my spine.

I woke up next morning to hear Gerry cussing like the very dickens. And well he might! Old John and the porters had skipped out during the night, taking our rifles and everything else but a few cases of canned stuff. We had only our side arms.

"We'd better turn back, Gerry," I advised. "We can't push on without porters and supplies."

"Not on your life!" Gerry snapped. "We're half way there. There's plenty of game to be had when we get out of this swamp."

I argued and pleaded with him, but nothing doing. Push on he would!

What a trek! Ten days we strug-

gled through mud and water, fighting off snakes and leeches, while the rain poured down. Then suddenly it stopped and the sun came out. We had had no trouble from natives, and one day we came to the forks of two rivers. One was the Narribo, I knew. An abandoned village was nearby, so we explored it and I found a solid gold goblet of odd design. Gerry's eyes opened when I showed him.

"Nirvarro!" he cried. "Don't you recognize it, Jim? Nirvarros lived here—and they have millions in gold treasure! We're made, old man!"

"But we have a mission, Gerry. We're supposed to find those white Indians."

"Bosh! And get what? A seat at Dexter—on five thousand a year! Ah no, Jimmie, we're looking up the Nirvarros!"

So again, against my will, Gerry prevailed and we started up the lesser river, instead of the Narribo. That night we were awakened by a wild yelling. I leaped up, drawing my automatic. Gerry pulled me down.

"Are you crazy!" he cried. "You'll stop a poisoned dart!"

I dropped just in time. A shower of darts thudded into the packing cases we had placed around us. Death resulted from the tiniest scratch of one of those lethal darts. We fired at shadows. The moon wouldn't be up for a half hour yet, and in the darkness the natives had a decided advantage. There were scores of them and they screeched like devils.



We fired only when a shadow appeared. Gerry pulled my head close to his lips. "Listen, old chap," he said, "I got you into this mess. I should've taken your advice, but I—"

"Nonsense!" I said harshly. "We're both in it. We'll see it through, Gerry."

"Sure," he said. "But in case something happens—you know, to me—"

He never finished. With a fiendish yell, the natives charged. An edge of silver moon was peeping over the jungle, and I saw a horde of naked Indians leaping toward us. Gerry shouted something and hurled himself at them.

I heard an ugly laugh. Then I saw him, Chief John! He had Gerry by the throat, was lifting a heavy club to brain him. I bore in, took the blow on my shoulder, and stuck my pistol against John's stomach. The hammer fell on an empty chamber. The gun was empty!

Chief John's ugly laugh came again. "You I no keel," he sneered. "Heem I kill soon."

Gerry broke away, shouting to me. I had a brief glimpse of him darting toward the trees, then he screamed, half turned, and fell. I could have sworn that a dart protruded from his neck. That's all I remember. When I came to I was tied up in a damp cave. My throat felt parched. I wanted a drink terribly. I jerked at my bonds and strangely enough they came loose without much effort.

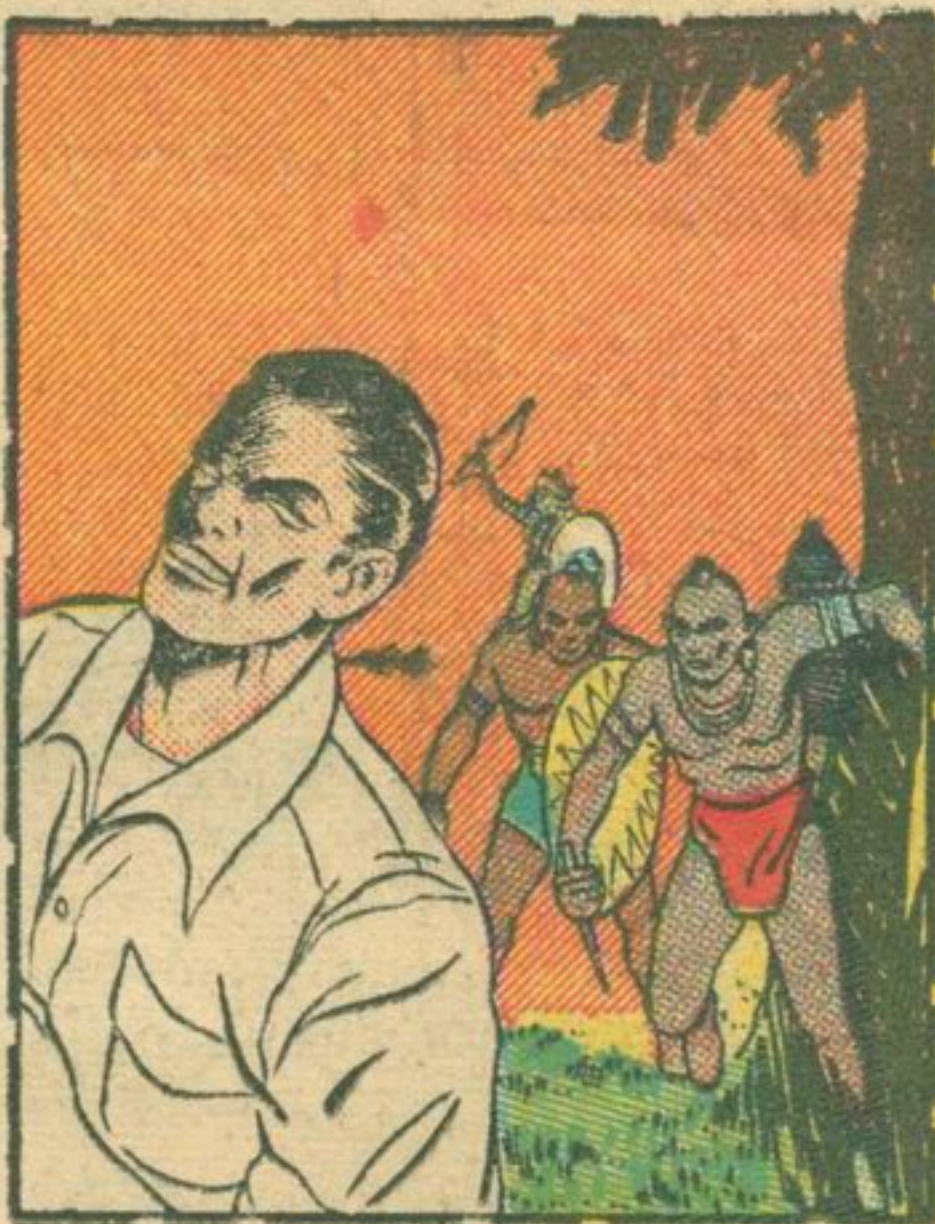
It took only a moment to get the cords off my ankles and, after the cramp had gone out of them, I struggled up. I made a step forward, then halted and a scream was almost torn from my throat. There, not ten feet away, issuing from a hole in the cavern's wall, was a monstrous snake. Its huge mouth was open and its hissing was like steam. I drew back and, to my utter horror, felt a thick body thud against my shoulders.

I don't know how I lived through those next few moments. I whirled, brushed the loathsome creature aside, and darted farther into the

cave. There were a full dozen big snakes slithering from the walls by now. They hissed and swayed, but came no nearer to me. I cowered on the floor and cold sweat-bathed me. It was then I heard a laugh that I remembered well.

"Hah!" said Chief John, who had appeared from a branch cave nearby. "You no lak dem snak'? They no hurt you—nah. They jus' guard cave. You try get away—see w'at beeg snak' do!" With that admonition he left me. My vocal cords wouldn't work. I wanted to ask him what had happened to Gerry, but I couldn't.

For an hour I huddled there. The snakes went back into their



holes and all became quiet again. I was going to make a break. I had to find Gerry. I didn't think he was in the cave. I think I went a little mad.

How was I to get past that barrier of snakes? I felt under my armpit. Yes, my pistol was there—and a spare clip of cartridges. They had searched me, but didn't look there. I loaded the pistol silently and got up. There was no sound, and I began edging along the moist floor of the cave. I passed the first hole. Looking into it I saw two pinpoints of green flame—the big snake's eyes. I hurried past. The next hole was on the opposite side. When I was directly in front of it, a great head darted out. I fired. Then I was running, firing at thick, writhing bodies that blocked my

FIREWORKS

FREE! 100 Port McHenry **SALUTES** with every order of \$1.00 or more!

FREE! \$6.00 worth of "America's Best" FIREWORKS for \$2.85 only

FREE! CATALOG Full of LOWEST PRICES on America's Best Fireworks!

YOUR DOLLAR BUYS TWO DOLLARS WORTHAT

BALTIMORE FIREWORKS CO. INC.

6900 EASTERN AVE. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

16 POSTCARD WITH GIVE YOU WANT COLLECT

way. My shots took effect. In a moment I was outside, running as I had never run before.

It was dawn, but the light was bad, hazy. I fell, exhausted, at the base of a tree. I felt dizzy. Fever. I closed my eyes. My head pounded and a great roaring filled my brain. That's the last I remembered until I came to several days later in a litter borne by some friendly natives. They carried me to Quito, where I spent five weeks in a hospital. Gerry, I was told, died in that midnight raid. Some of his gear was brought in and given to me. Well, I came home then. And for five years now, I've wondered—wondered—

James Christian paused. It was evening and the office was still. Jimmie sat, spellbound. The phone buzzed. James got up to answer it and in doing so scraped the clay cube off the desk. It hit the floor, broke into several pieces.

Jimmie's face went white. He leaped up, screamed, "Uncle—look!"

There, lying on the tile floor, staring up at them out of ghastly, sightless eyes, was a shrunken human head. From the neck protruded a short piece of poisoned dart.

James Christian sat down hard in his chair. "Dear God," he said in an awed voice. "So it was true. Poor old Gerry!"

Read Music For Murder in the July issue of SMASH COMICS
—on sale May 17th.

CLIP CHANCE



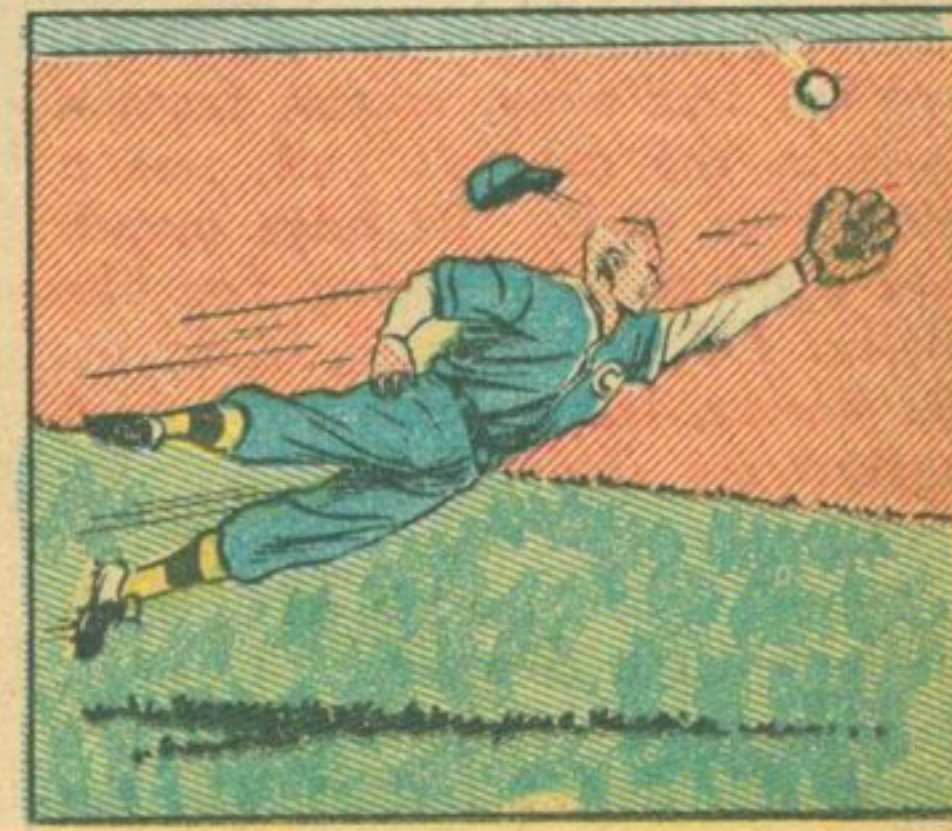
IN THE LOCKER ROOM---



CLIP CRASHES OUT A LONG HIGH ONE ---



DESPERATELY HE DIVES FOR THE BALL ---





THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE GAME TIME --



CLIP, I HEARD MC SNORT SAYING COACH BARR WOULD BE SORRY FOR PUTTING DELL IN THE GAME TODAY -- DO YOU THINK HE'D TRY ANY-THING UNDER-HANDED?



OF COURSE NOT, SPUD--HE'S PROBABLY JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE HE'S SORE--I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, I'LL SEE YOU LATER--



THE FIRST MAN UP FOR CATON WALKS---



OOF!

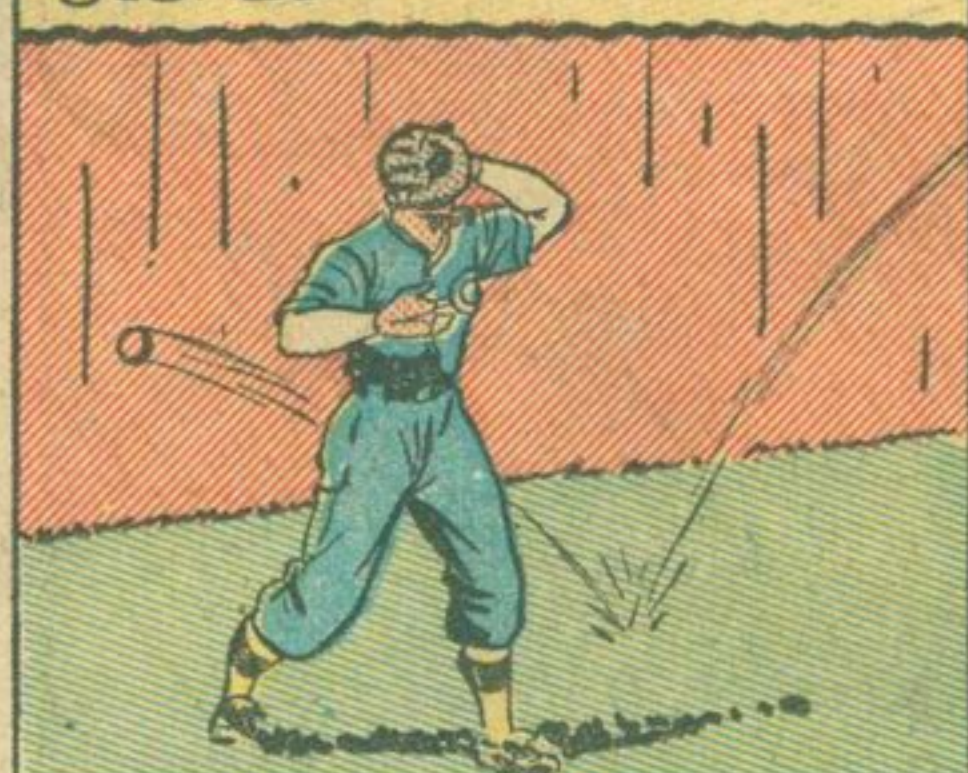


THE NEXT TWO MEN GO DOWN SWINGING---

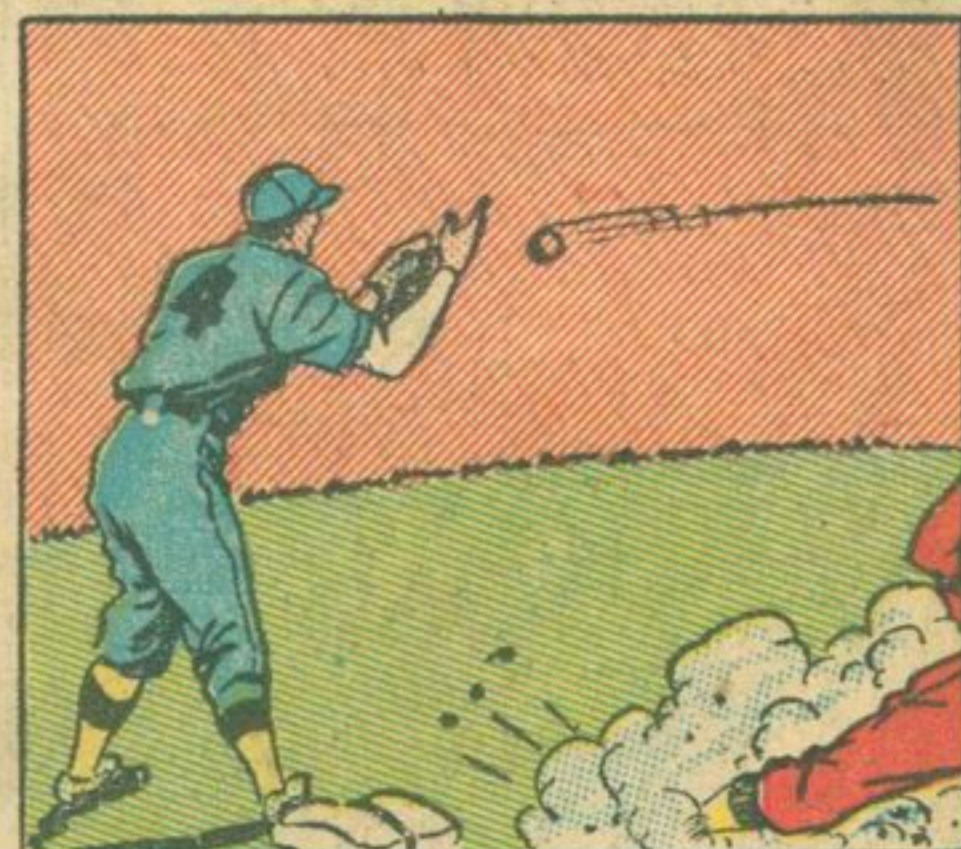
DICK ARNOLD, CATON'S CLEAN-UP MAN, SENDS THE BALL INTO DEEP LEFT FIELD---



SUDDENLY HE COVERS HIS EYES, THE BALL FALLS AT HIS FEET AND A RUN IS SCORED---



ARNOLD IS CAUGHT STEALING FOR THE THIRD OUT----



DELL IS UNDER IT- WAITING--



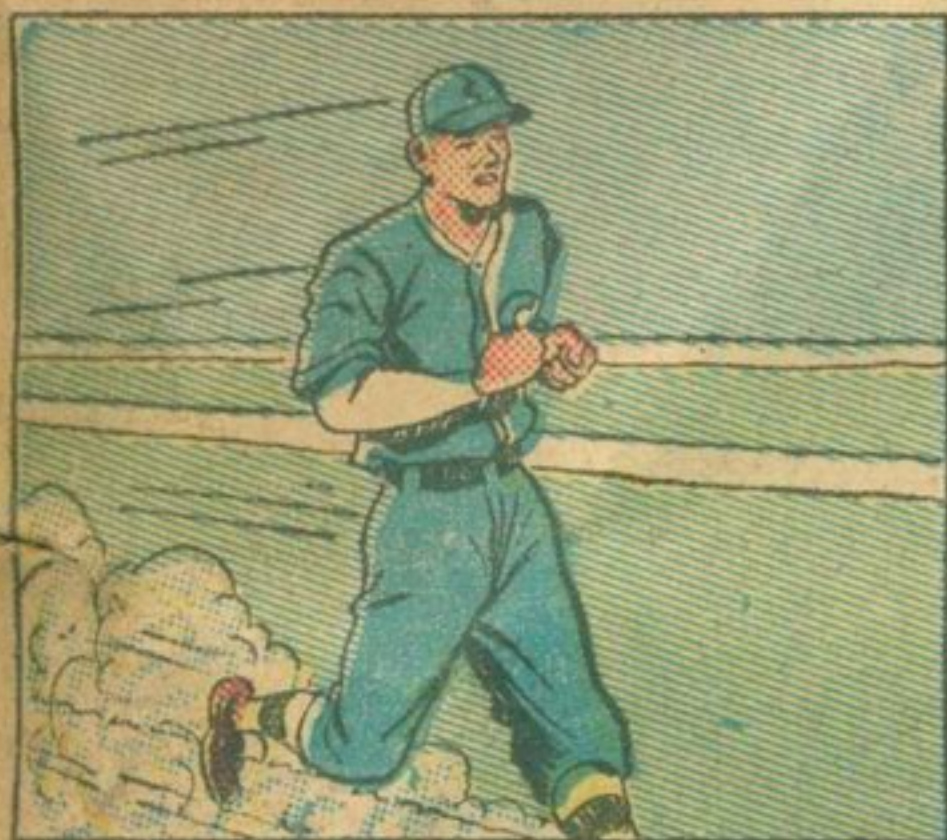
THE SUN? -- WHY LEFT FIELD IS COMPLETELY IN THE SHADE -- ARE YOU SURE?



POSITIVE, COACH-- OH-OH, I'M UP NOW--



DELL SINGLES AND PULLS UP AT FIRST---



CLIP SMASHES OUT A HOME RUN, TO PUT CLIFFSIDE AHEAD 2 TO 1---

AS THE GAME GOES ON--

IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE 9TH, JOE-- IF CLIFFSIDE CAN HOLD CATON DOWN, THEY'LL WIN!

YEAH-- BUT NO THANKS TO THIS GUY DELL-- HE'S LET THREE BALLS GET BY SO FAR--



CLIP, MCSNORT DIDN'T SHOW UP-- SO YOU TAKE DELL'S PLACE IN LEFT AND CRONIN WILL PLAY CENTER--

OKAY-- HEY-SPUD!

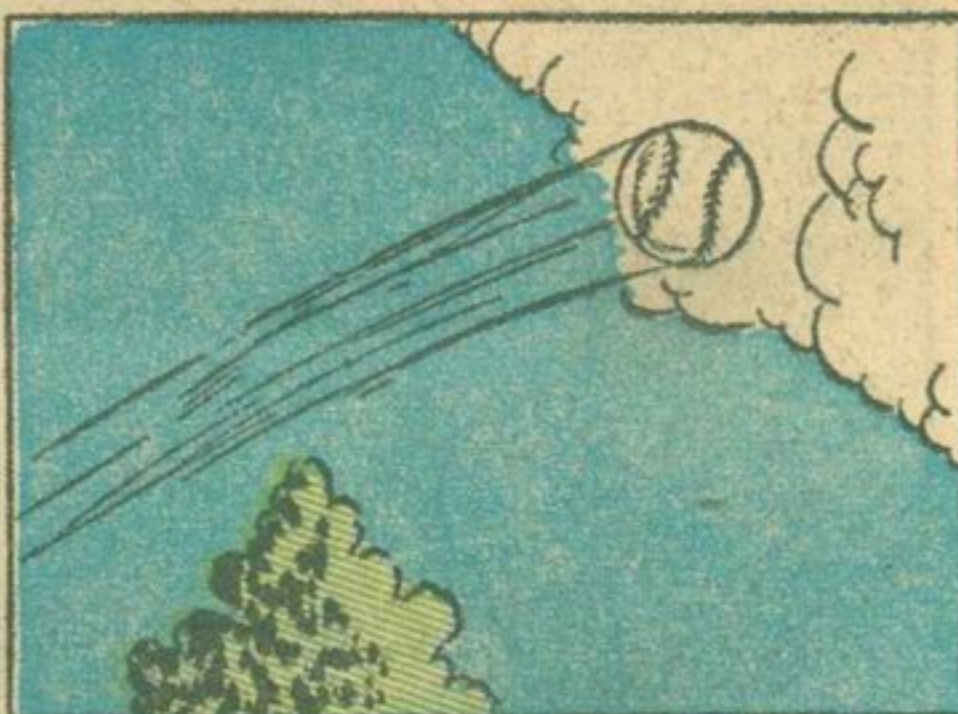


YES CLIP--

LISTEN--BZZZ-- MCSNORT-- IN THE STANDS--



THE FIRST TWO MEN UP FOR CATON ARE CALLED OUT ON STRIKES, THE THIRD MAN LIFTS THE BALL INTO LEFT FIELD--



AS CLIP IS ABOUT TO SNARE IT, HIS HEAD IS ENVELOPED IN A BLINDING GLARE, THE BALL ROLLS SAFE AND THE BATTER PULLS UP AT THIRD---

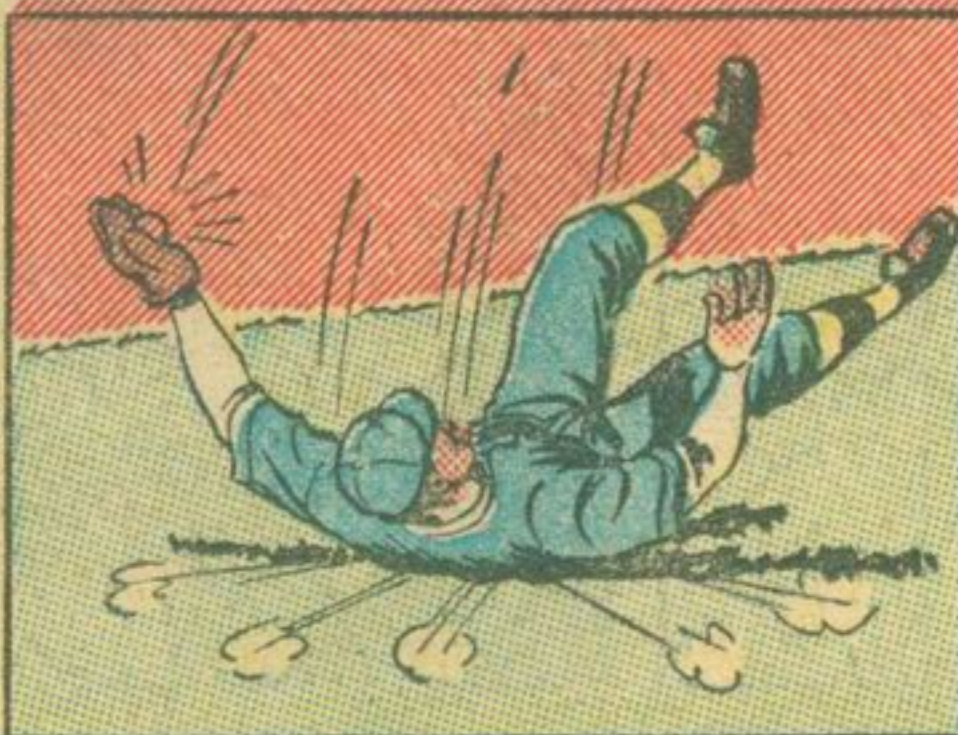


THE NEXT MAN UP ALSO HITS INTO LEFT FIELD---

OH-OH, THAT GLARE AGAIN-- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--



SUDDENLY CLIP THROWS HIMSELF ON HIS BACK AND GRABS THE BALL FOR THE FINAL OUT, AND CLIFFSIDE WINS, 2 TO 1.



LATER--IN THE LOCKER ROOM--

ANYONE SEEN CLIP? -- WHAT TH'??

BIFF
BAM



CLIP!!

JUST A MINUTE, COACH-- AND I'LL EXPLAIN--



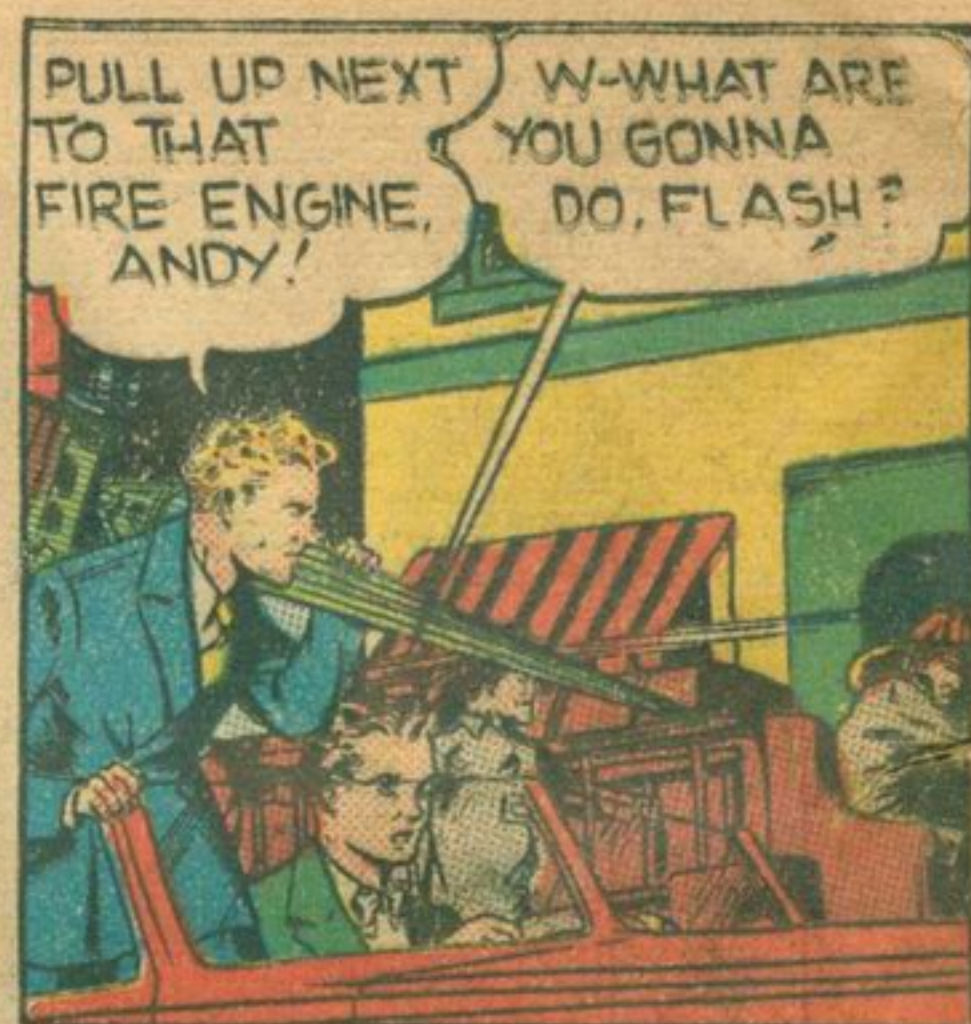
SPUD FOUND MCSNORT USING A MIRROR TO THROW THE SUN'S RAYS INTO DELL'S EYES, BLINDING HIM SO HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIELD THE BALL, AND WE'D LOSE-- AND YOU'D BLAME IT ON DELL'S POOR PLAYING!!



More of Clip Chance in the July issue of SMASH COMICS--on sale May 17th.

FLASH FULTON

NEWSREEL ACE
by PAUL GUSTAVSON

THE FIRE ENGINE SOON REACHES THE BLAZING INFERNO OF TENEMENTS !



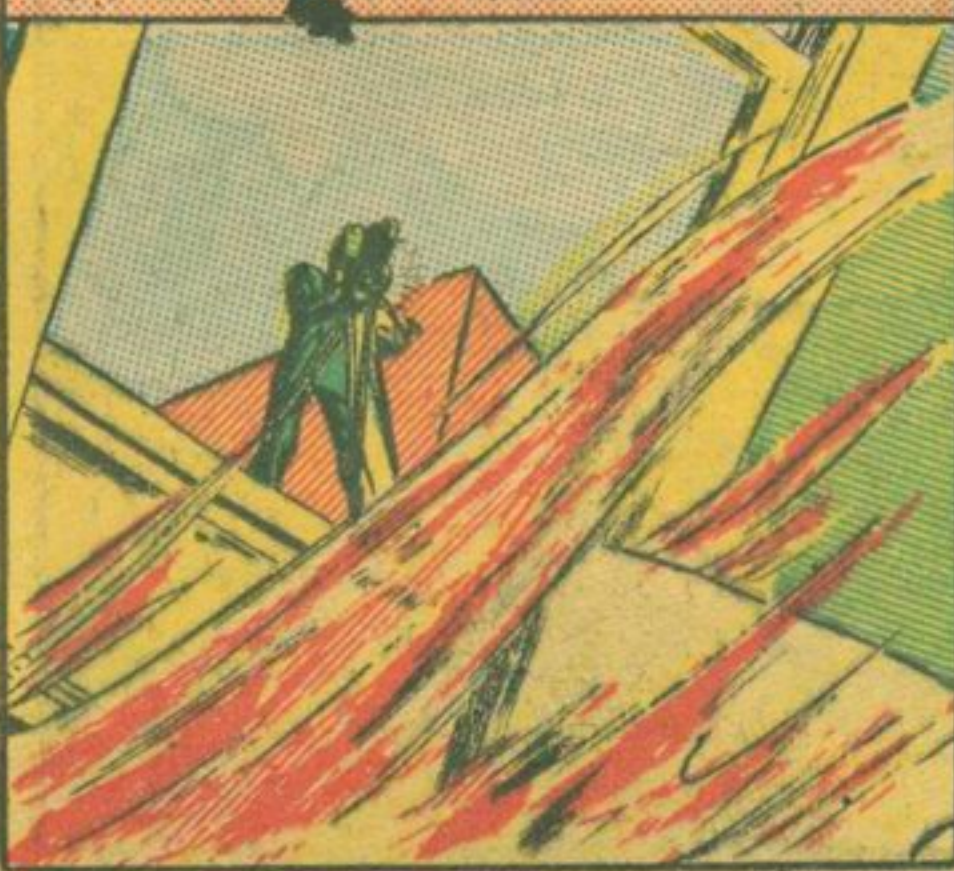
FLASH HEARS THE FIRE CHIEF SHOUT AN ORDER



I HOPE I CAN GET A COUPLE OF GOOD SHOTS BEFORE THOSE FIREMEN GET UP HERE AND CHASE ME AWAY!



FLASH "SHOOTS" THE RAGING TENEMENT FIRE....



SUDDENLY, HE IS ATTRACTED BY THE SCREAMS OF A GIRL!



OVER THERE SHE MUST BE TRAPPED BY THE FLAMES!



ONE OF THE FIREMEN SEES FLASH MOTION TO THE GIRL AND QUICKLY GOES TO RESCUE HER...



HURRY... THE FLAMES ARE GETTING WORSE!



CLIMB OUT ON THE LEDGE! YOU'LL BE SAFER THERE!



AS THE GIRL CLIMBS OUT ON THE LEDGE, A GREATER DANGER CONFRONTS HER THE WALL OF THE BUILDING BEGINS TO BREAK AWAY...



A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND CONCRETE COMES DOWN ... KNOCKING THE FIREMAN OFF THE RESCUE LADDER....

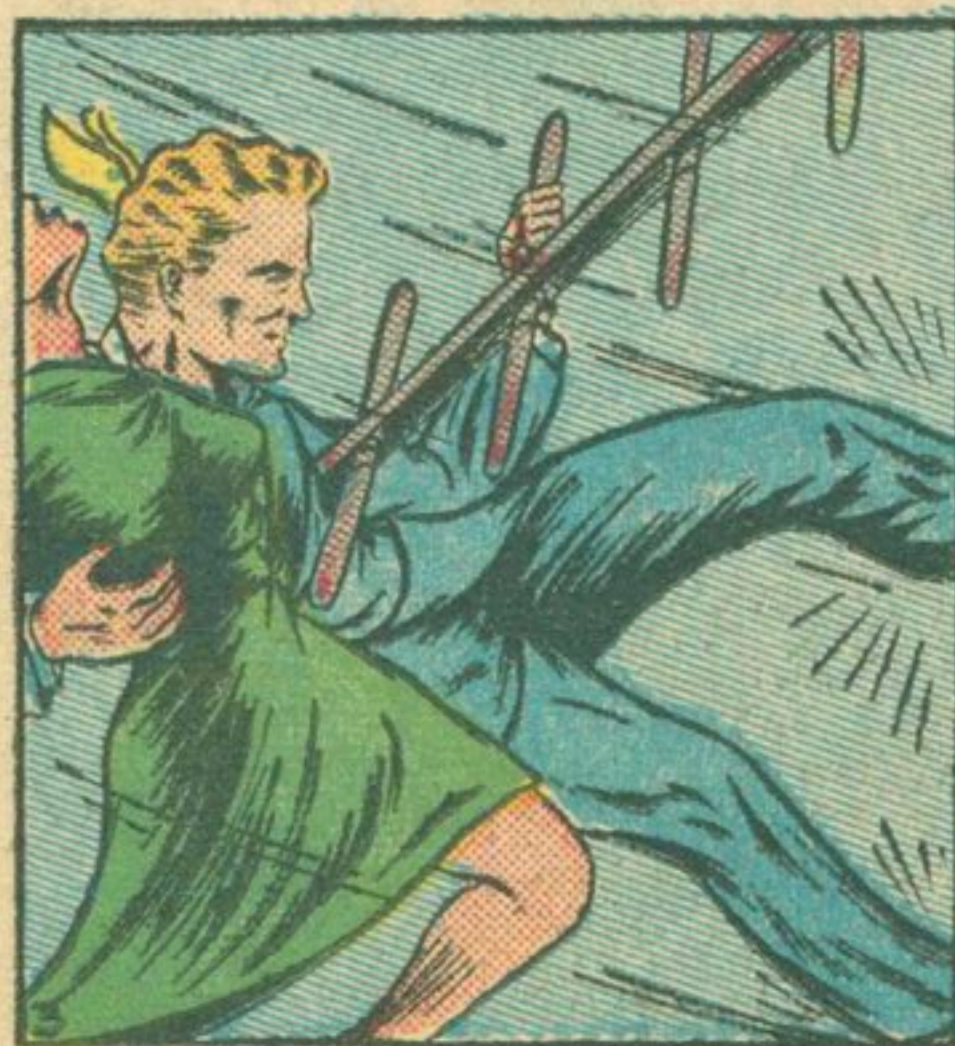


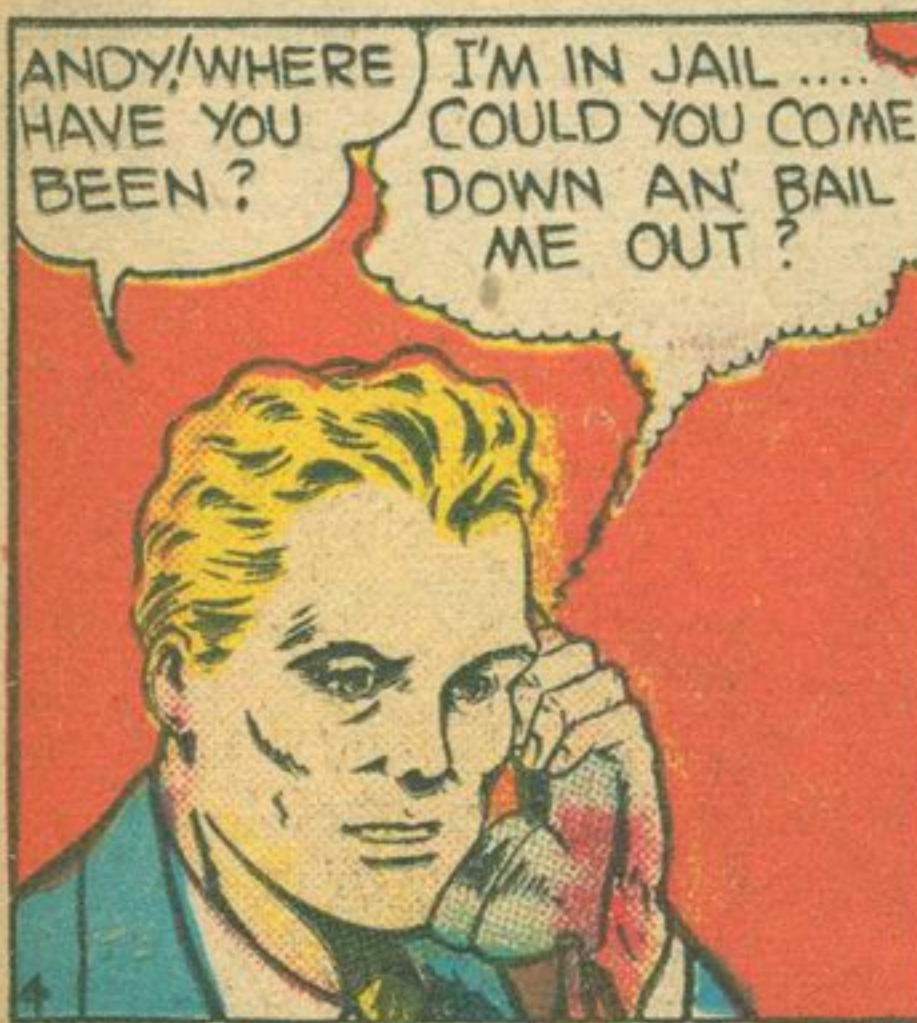
FLASH DESPERATELY LEAPS FOR THE WINDOW BELOW THE GIRL



MADE IT! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW!







Flash Fulton will thrill you in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

Hugh Hazzard and his

IRON MAN

by
WAYNE
REID.

FLASH!-- THE NUMBERS
RACKET RECEIVED A
SEVERE BLOW, WHEN THREE
OF ITS RING LEADERS WERE
ARRESTED EARLY
TODAY---



LATER..

ON
THE
OTHER
SIDE
OF THE
TOWN-



AND THAT NIGHT-

DAILY MAIL
POLICE FOIL BANK ROBBERY.
KILL THREE AND CAPTURE
TWO IN GUN BATTLE.

WE ARE ONLY
BEGINNING, SAYS
COMMISSIONER HUNT,
AS HE ISSUES A
WARNING TO ALL
CRIMINALS.

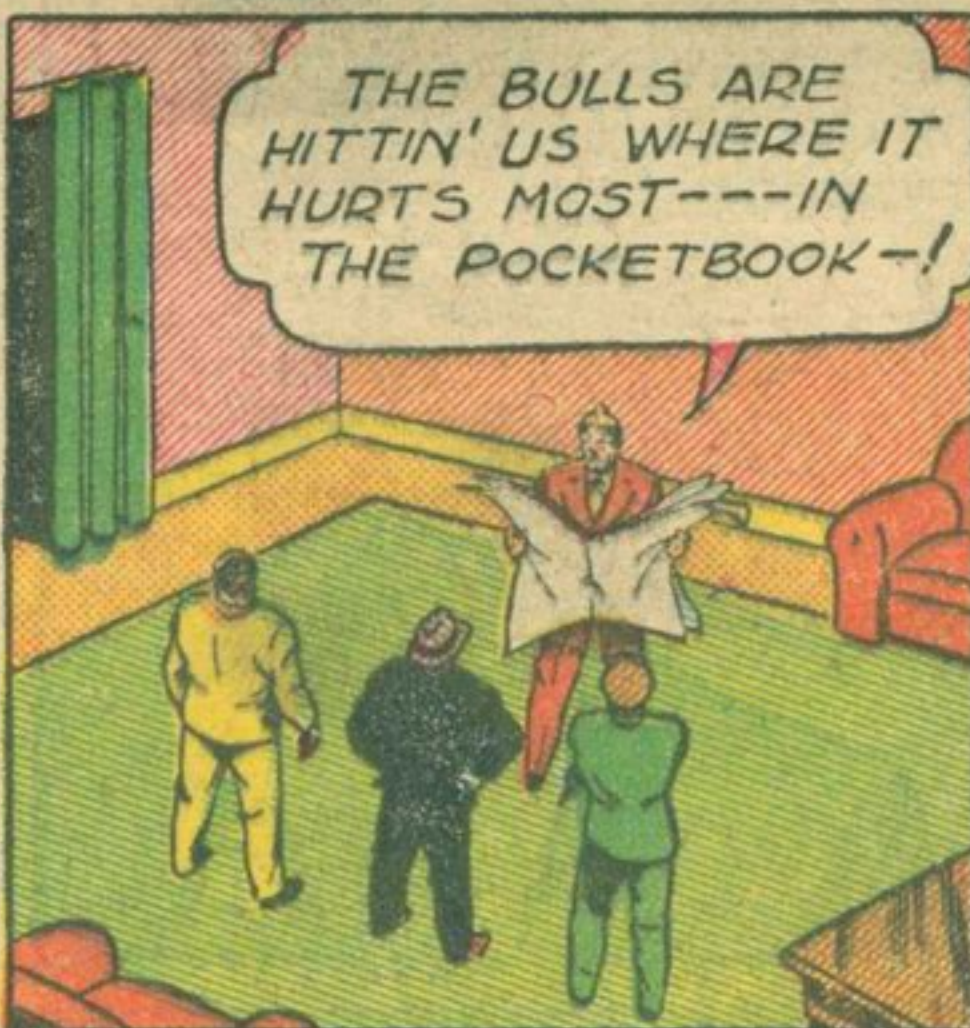
COMMISSIONER HUNT.

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE
HEADQUARTERS OF "SMOOTH"
KAZAR, GANGLAND'S RULER-

DID YOU GUYS
SEE THIS ??



THE BULLS ARE
HITTIN' US WHERE IT
HURTS MOST---IN
THE POCKETBOOK--!



IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL
BE WIPED OUT-- FIRST
THEY CLAMP DOWN ON MY
NUMBERS GAME, THEN I LOSE
THAT BANK SWAG--IT'S
GOTTA STOP!



SURE--BUT
HOW??

EASY--



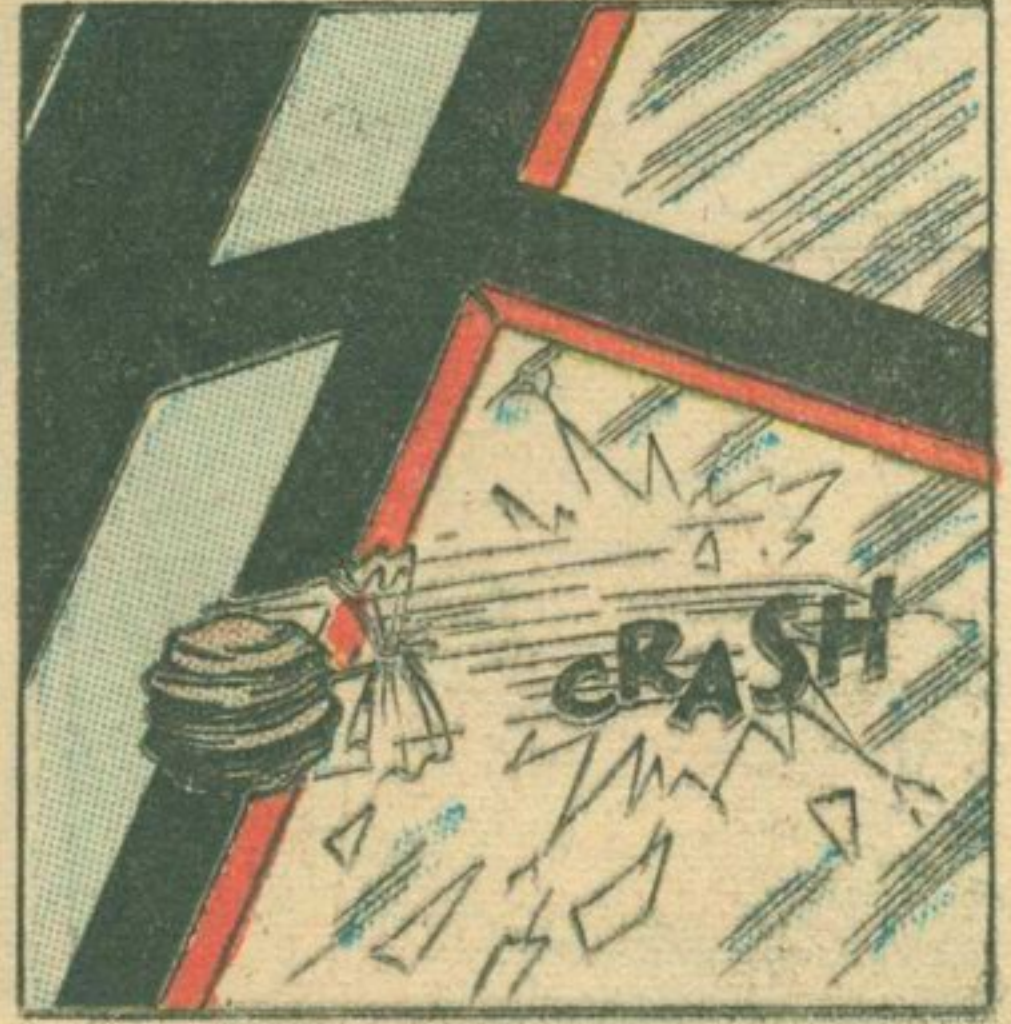
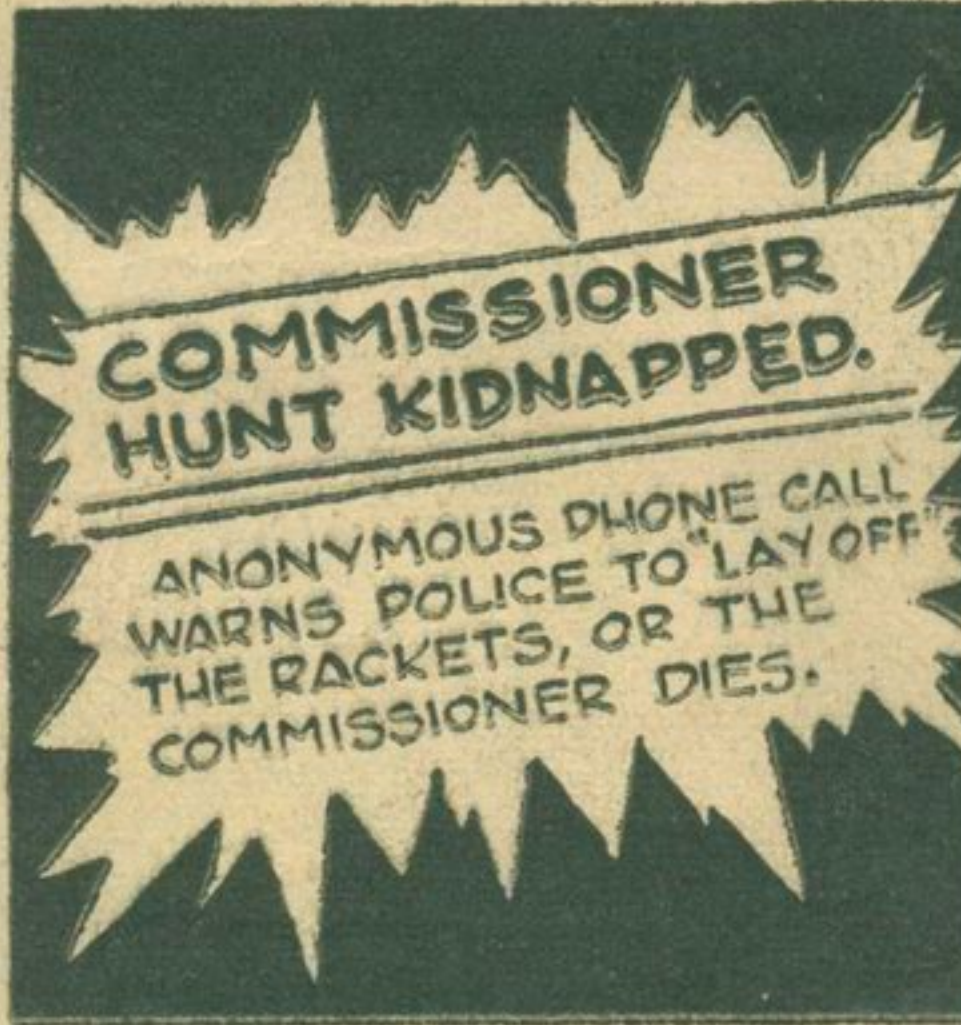
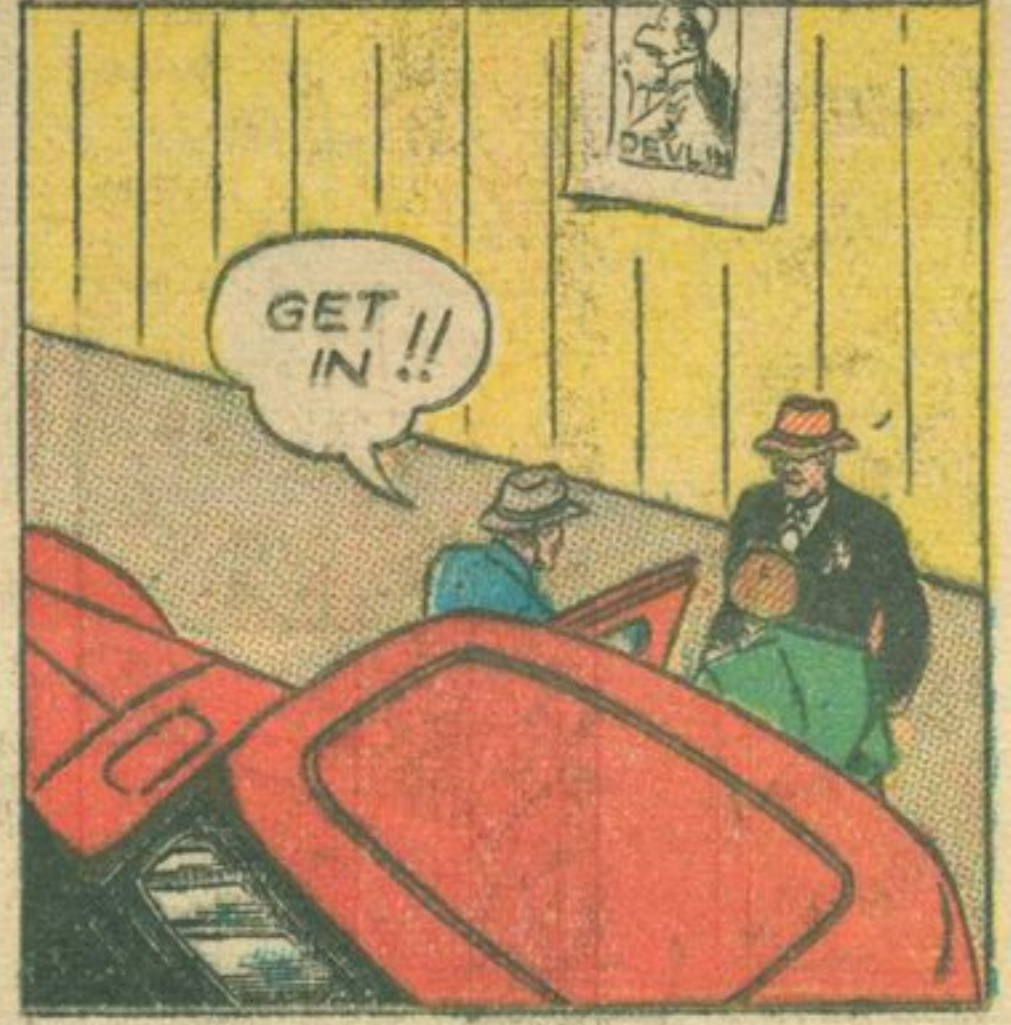
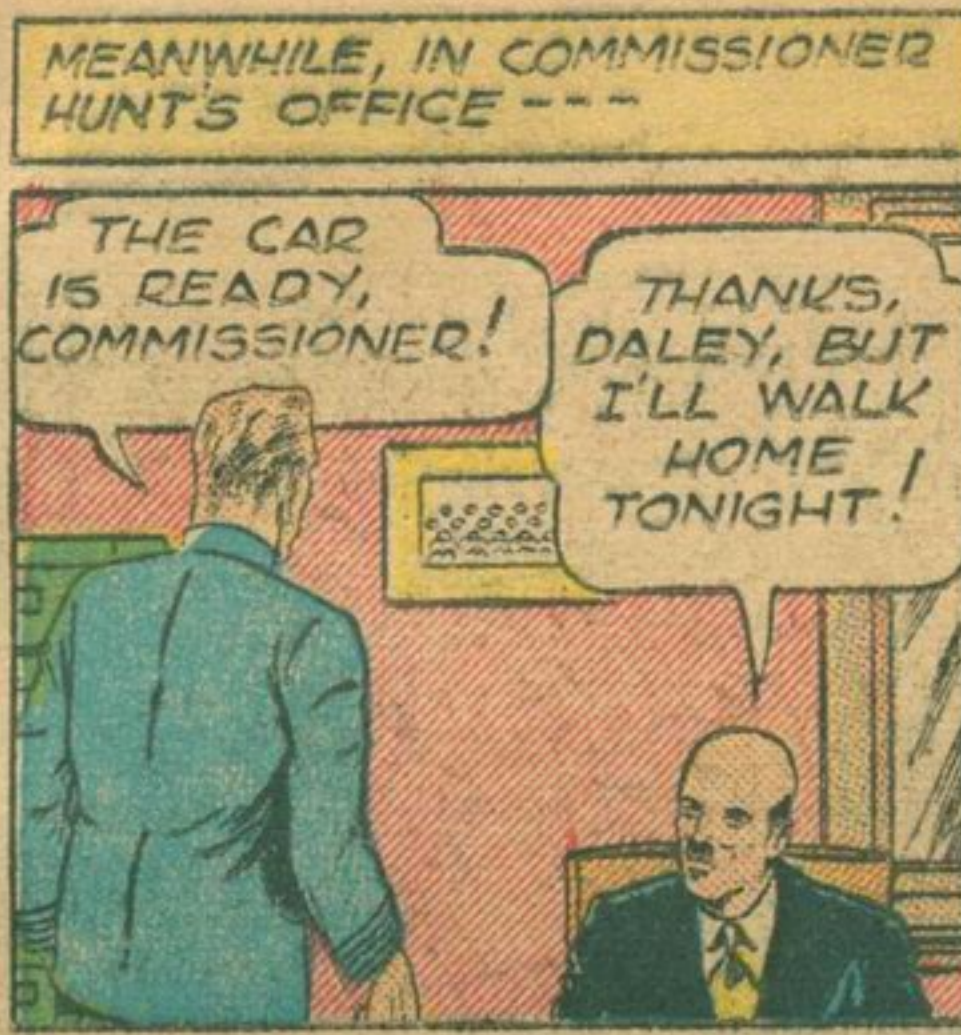
-- WE GET
HUNT!

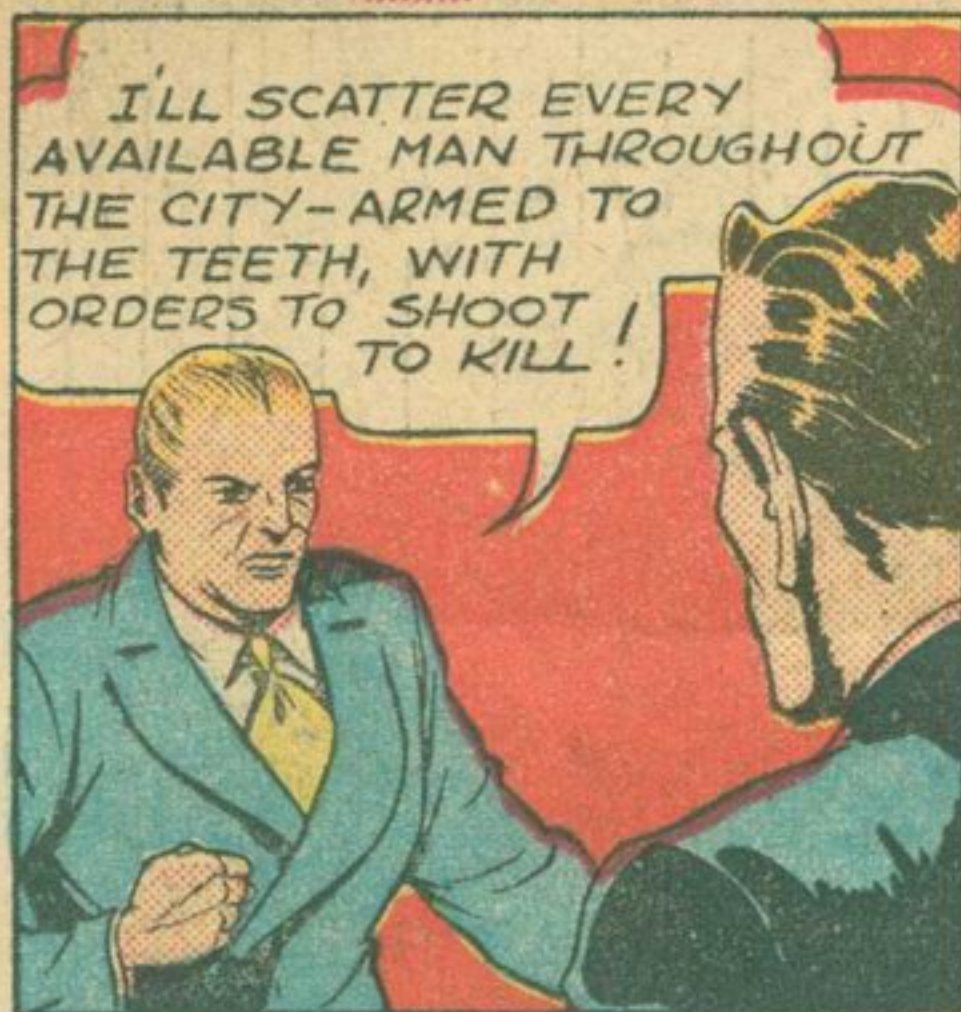
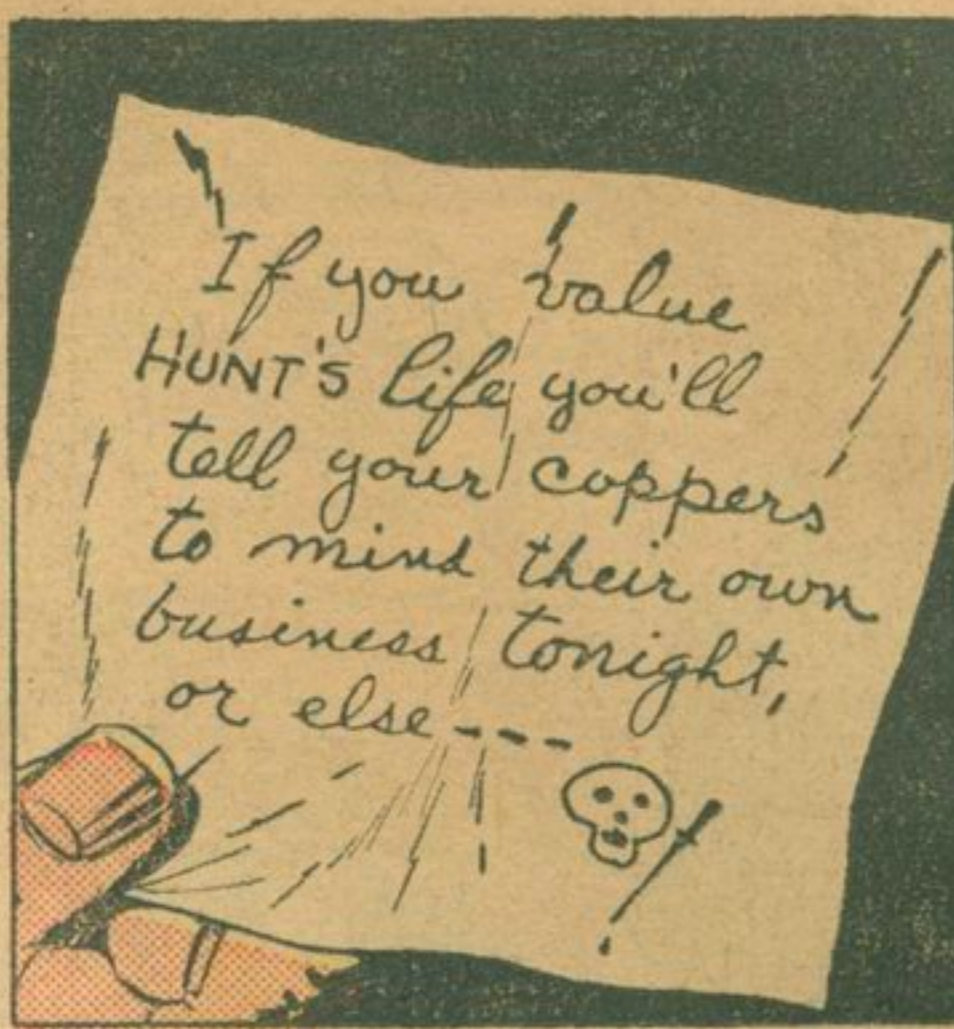
YOU MEAN--
BUMP HIM
OFF ??



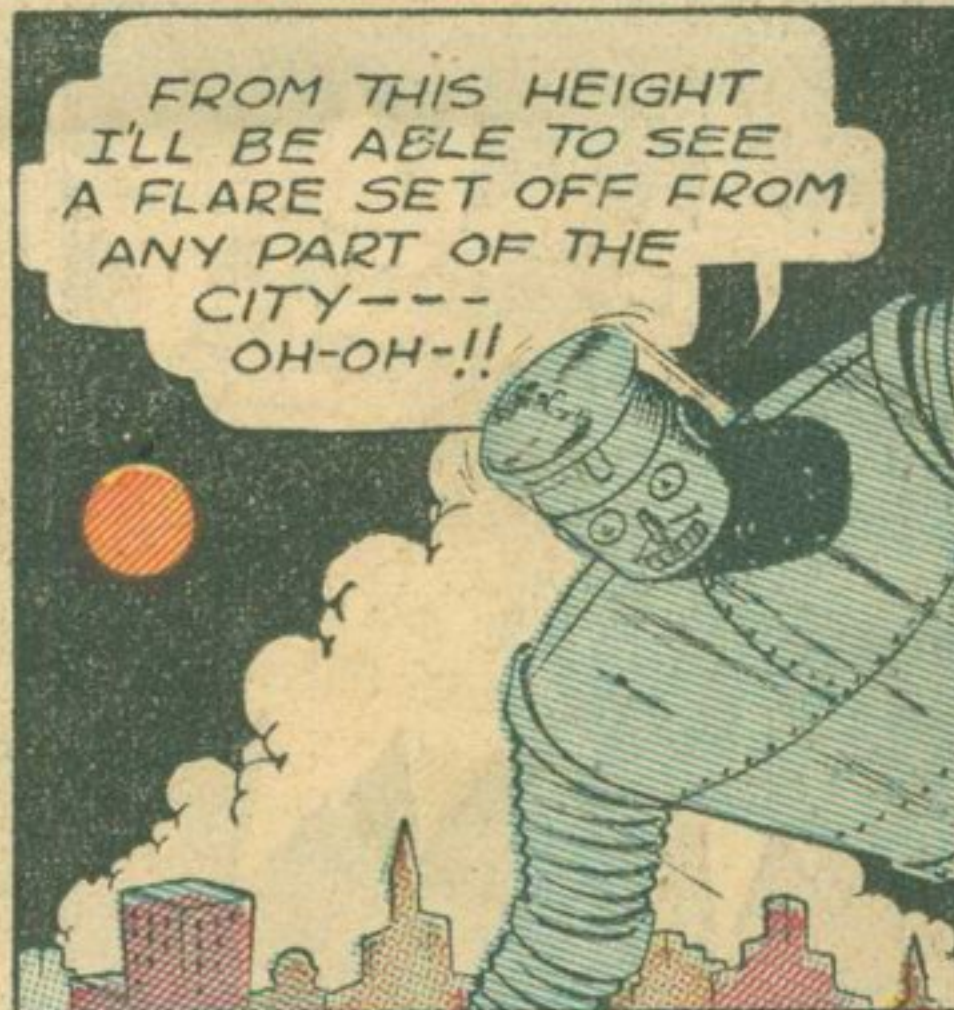
NO, YA DOPE-- KIDNAP
HIM-- WITH HIM IN OUR
HANDS WE CAN THREATEN
THE WHOLE FORCE--WITH
HIS DEATH---
IF THEY
BOTHER US
AGAIN!



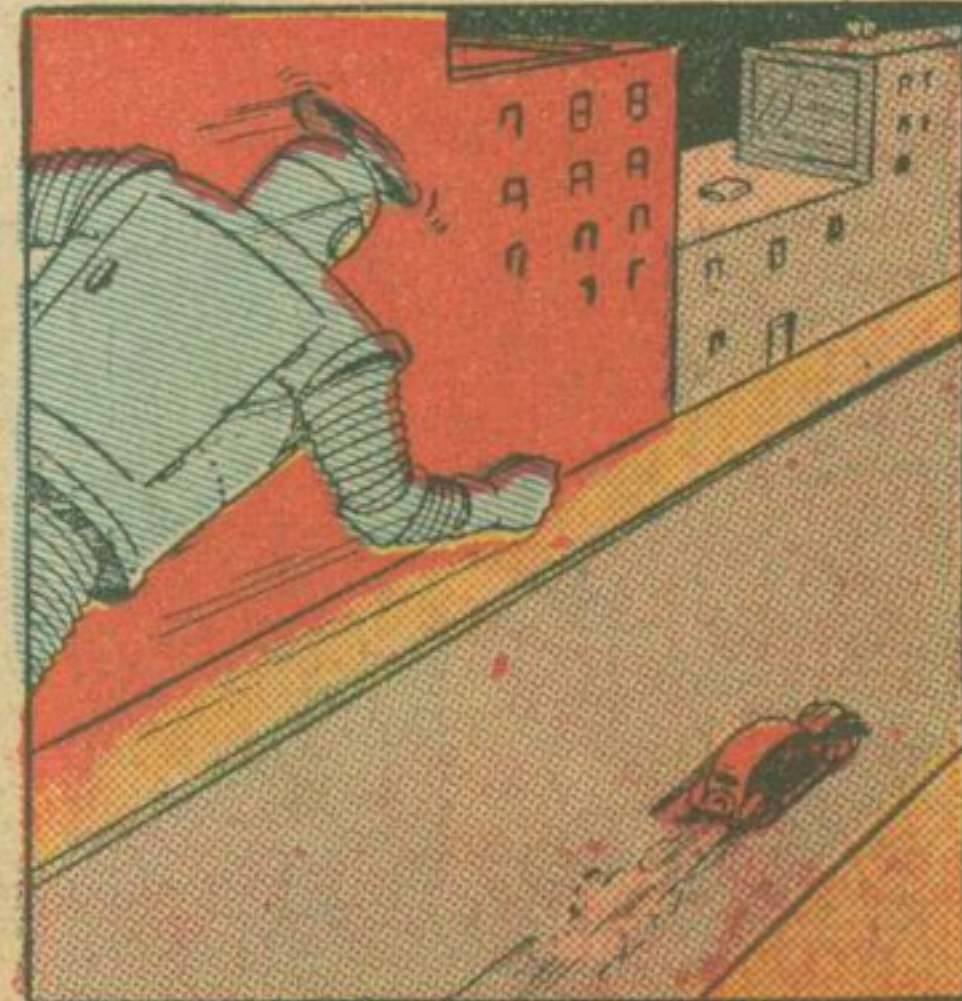
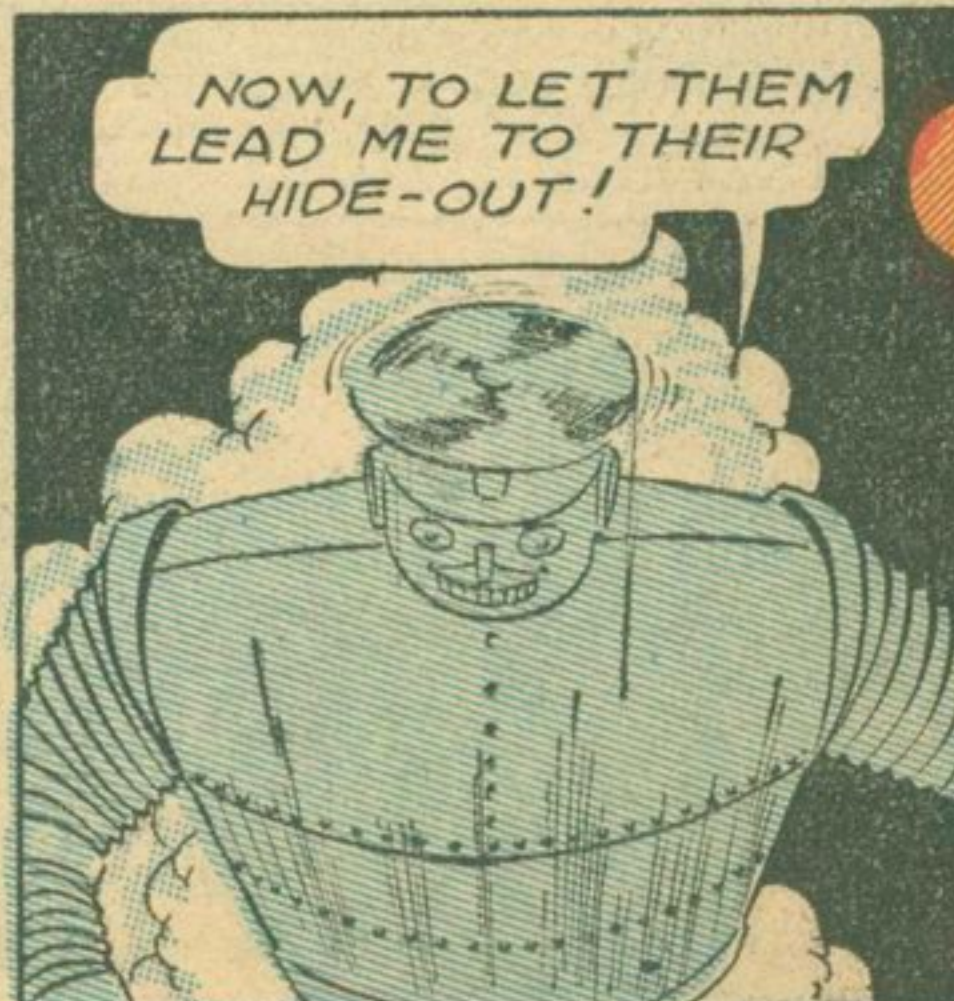
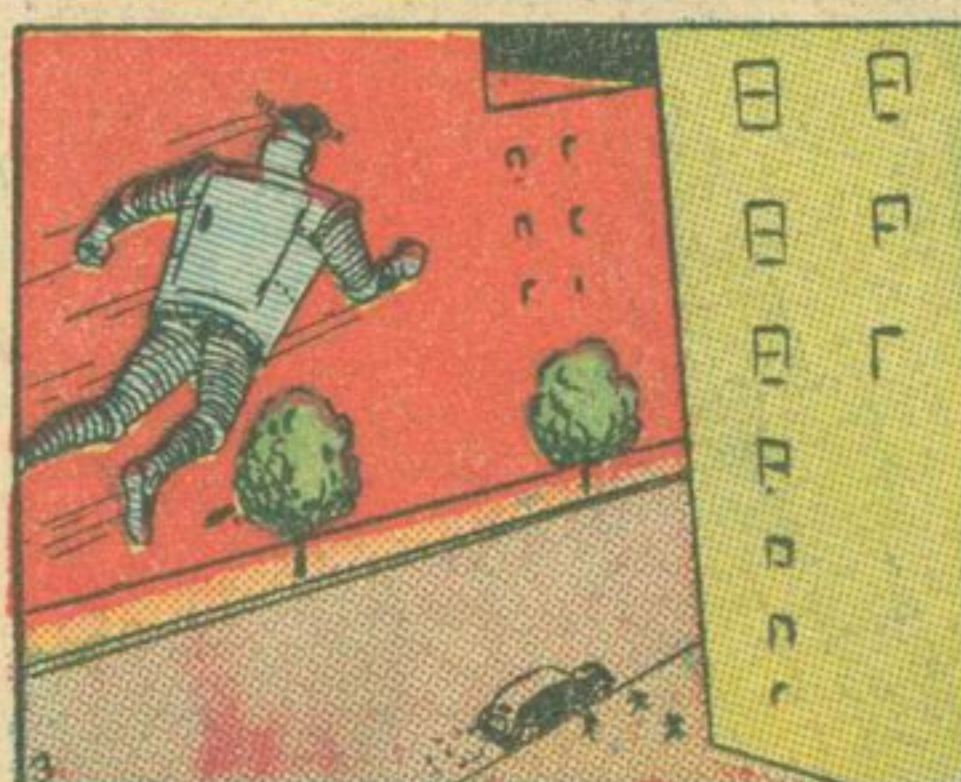




THAT NIGHT, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, PATROLS THE SKIES ---



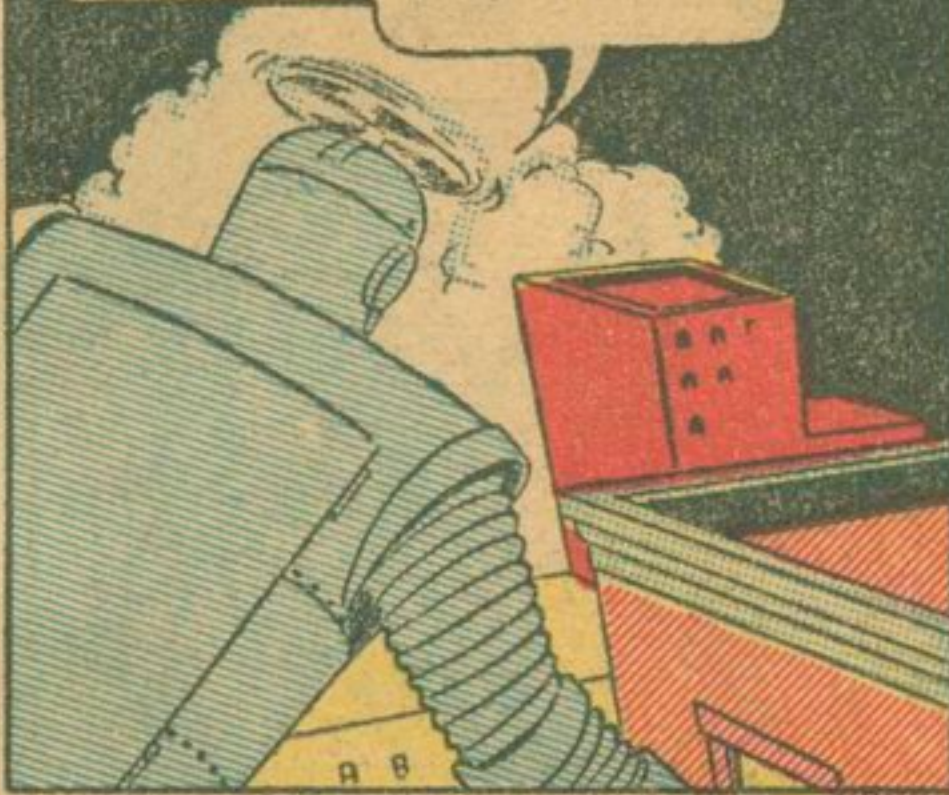
IN ONE JUMP, THE IRON MAN HOVERS OVER THE ESCAPING CROOKS ---



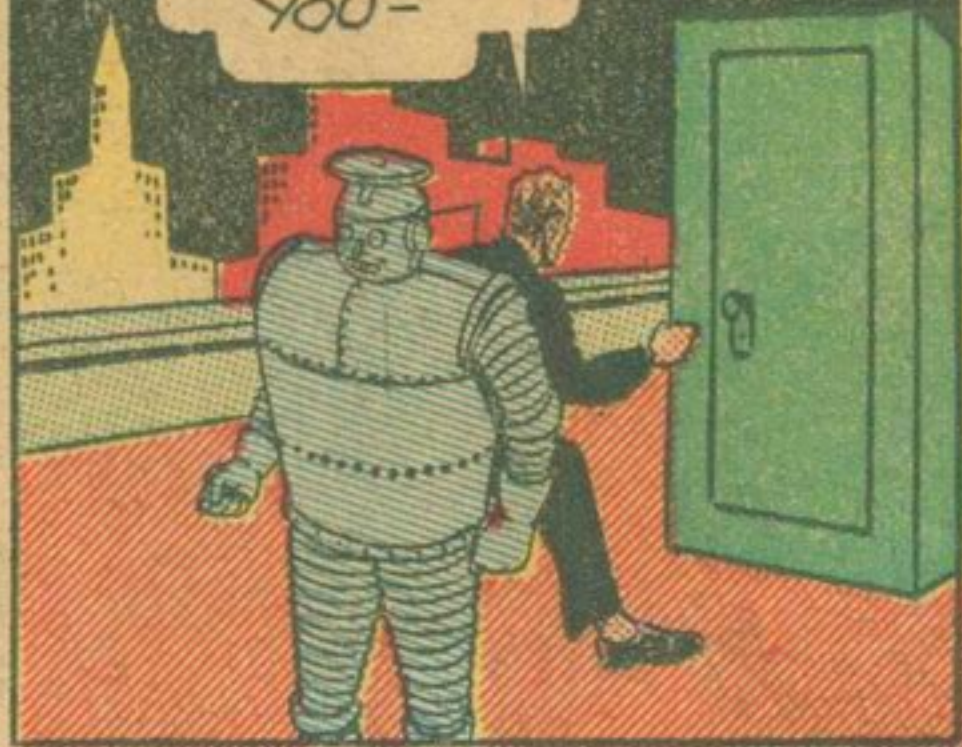
CAR TURNS A CORNER AND
APPEARS INTO A BUILDING--



SO THAT'S THE HIDE-
OUT--I'LL LAND ON
THE ROOF!



I'M GOING IN,
BOZO--I'LL CALL
IF I NEED
YOU--



SO FAR,
SO GOOD--



THAT'S FUNNY--ALL
THESE OFFICES ARE
DESERTED!



I'LL BET THE GANG
OCCUPY THIS ENTIRE
BUILDING AND USE IT
AS A "FRONT"!



WE DO!--REACH HIGH
--AND WALK
STRAIGHT
AHEAD!



GO IN THAT
DOOR--



I FOUND THIS MUG
SNOOPIN' THROUGH THE
HALLS, "SMOOTH"!



"SMOOTH" KAZAR--THE BIG
BAD WOLF OF THE UNDER-
WORLD--!!
WHERE'S
HUNT,?
KAZAR?

YOU TALK
TOUGH FOR THE
SPOT YOU'RE IN,
GUY!



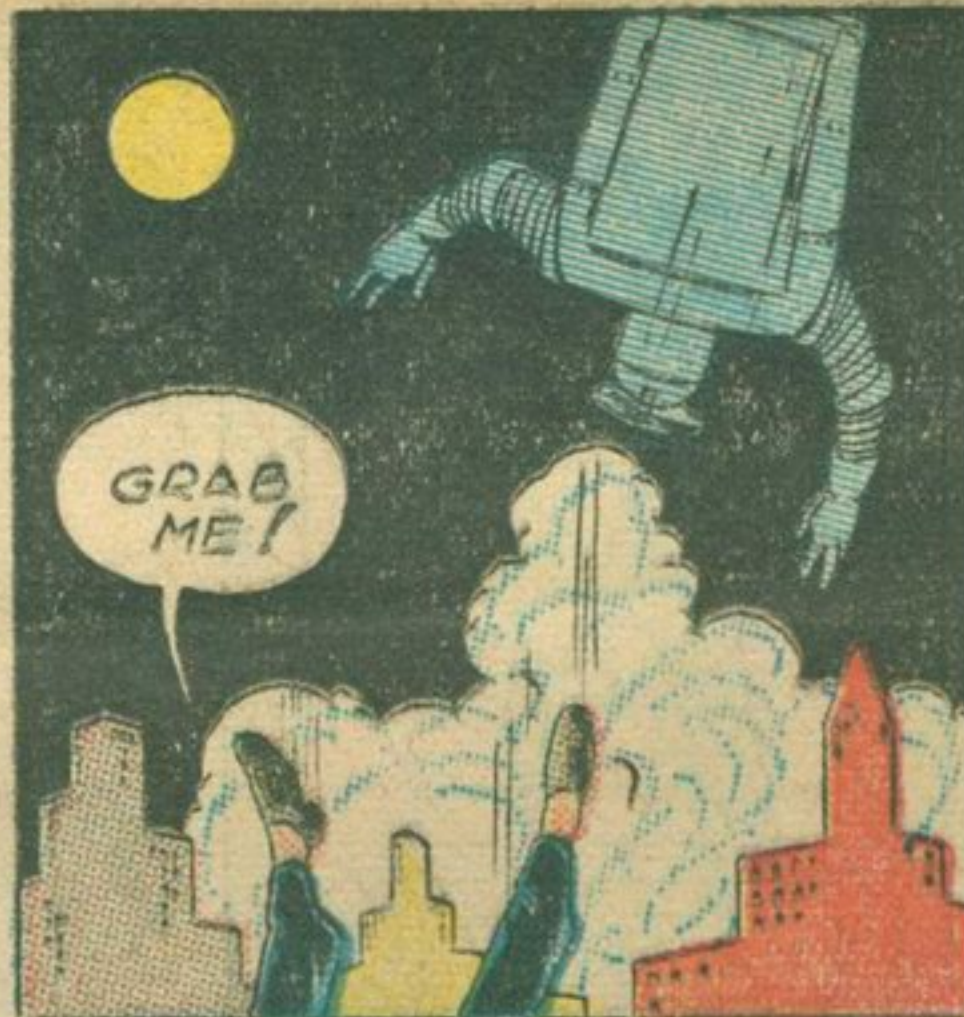
WHAT DID
YOU COME HERE
FOR??

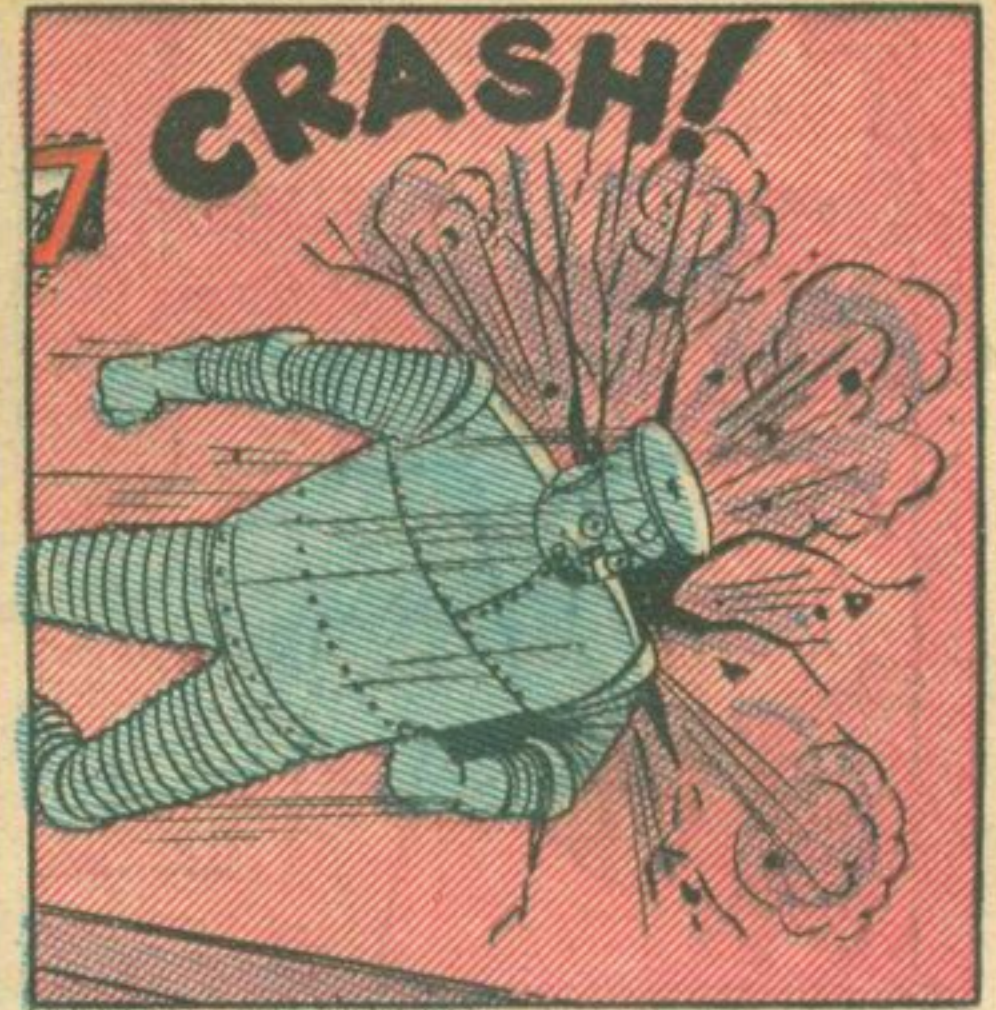
TO FIND
HUNT AND
BUST THIS
PLACE WIDE
OPEN!

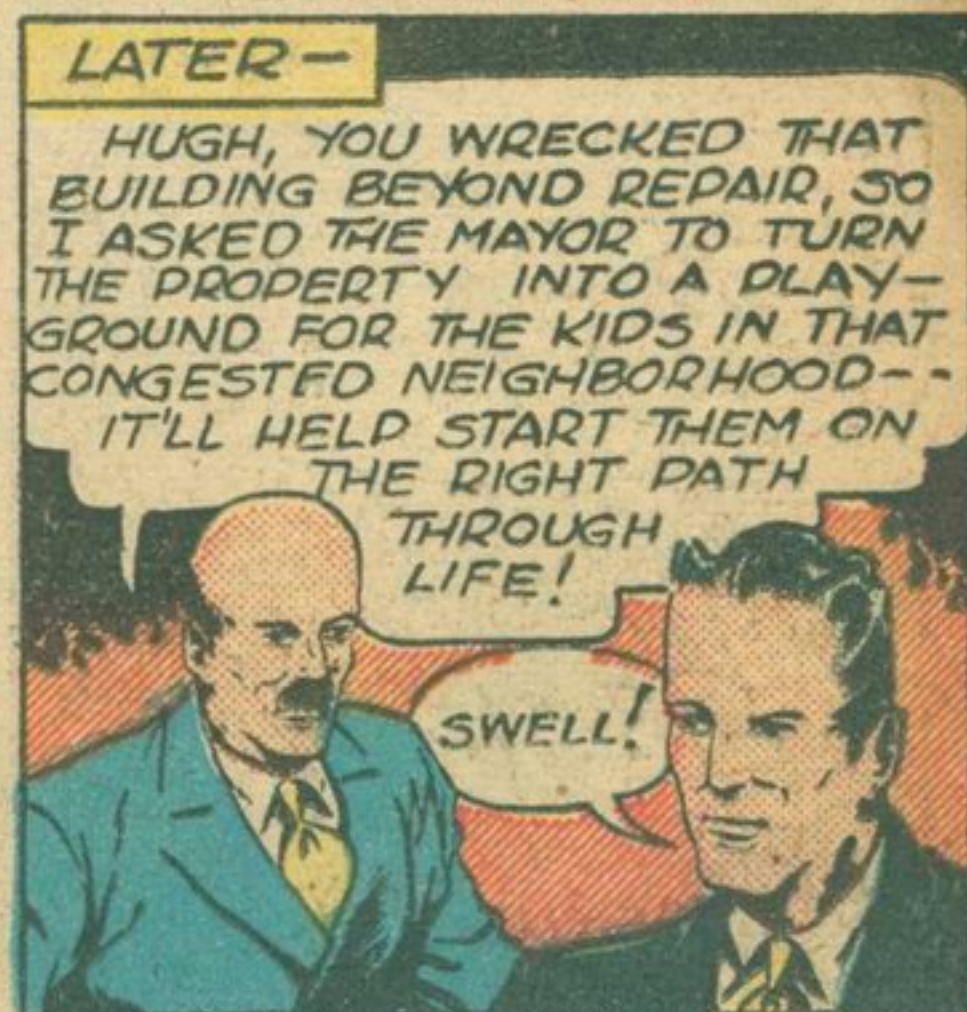
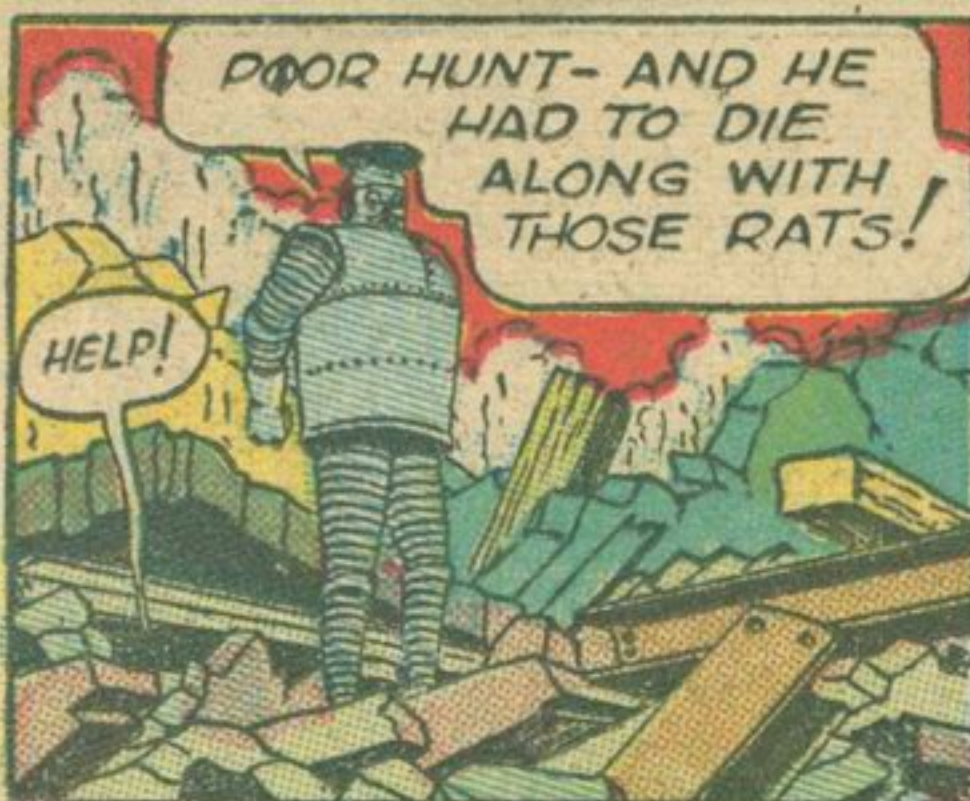
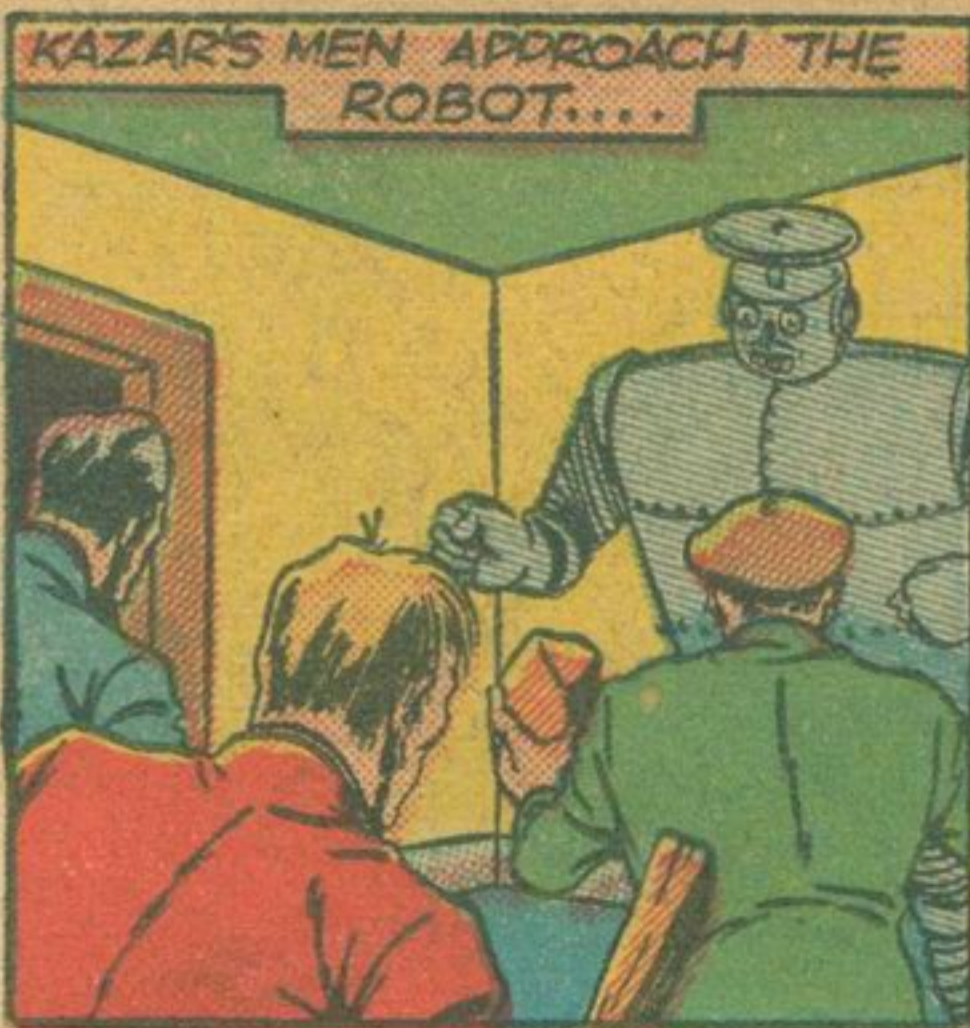


HA-HA-HA-- THAT'S
RICH!-- I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HE KNOWS, BOYS--
AN' IT DON'T MAKE NO
DIFFERENCE--









Follow Hugh Hazzard and Bozo The Robot in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

FIREWORKS

REAL FUN FOR 4th OF JULY
 A PATRIOTIC

This year calls for a rousing patriotic celebration on the 4th of July—the kind that is real fun, with plenty of noise and brilliant display. You will want the best of fireworks, so order direct from Fireworks Headquarters.



SPENCER'S BIG YOUNG AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

100 2" Cannon Salutes \$1.00	5 Noi-zee Boy Salutes 10
200 Flashlight Crackers .60	10 Lg. Pkg. Asst. Crackers .75
25 Flash Salutes. 25	1 Reporting Cone10
10 Elec. Cannon Salutes.20	5 Marble Flash Salutes.10
2 Sky Bombs (two shot)..... 10	2 Red Torch10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball) .50	1 Sky Battle10
5 Sky Rockets (stars) .50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers .15
10 Niggerchasers..... .10	1 Erupting Volcano... .10
10 Grasshoppers..... .10	8 Buster Salutes05
10 Penny Flash Salutes..... .10	1 Whistling Cyclone.. .10
5 Glittacracks..... .10	3 Giant Liberty Salutes..... .10
10 Bombshell Salutes .25	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade... 15
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb..... .15	2 Gyro Flyers..... .10
16 Sparklers..... .10	1 Pkg. Jumbo Crackers..... .15
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb 10	1 Pkg. Punk05
1 Reporting Sky Rocket 10	
	Total Retail Value...\$6.45

100 EXTRA LOUD SALUTES **FREE**

THE SPENCER FIREWORKS CO.
 55 MAIN ST POLK, OHIO

FREE CATALOG

The whole world sends their best fireworks novelties, firecrackers and colorful night display pieces to cram this big 36-page Spencer catalog. Just looking thru it is FUN. Send for your FREE copy of the 1940 Spencer Catalog today and see how much more you get for your money by buying direct

Show Catalog TO YOUR FRIENDS GET YOUR FIREWORKS

free

Many of your friends will be glad to order fireworks from your catalog. Ask us how you can earn FREE Fireworks this easy way.



SPENCER FIREWORKS CO., 55 Main St., Polk, Ohio
 Send me your FREE Catalog and Gift Coupon

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Print Name and Address Plainly. Paste on Penny Postal and Mail.



free SALUTES

With your catalog we will send a FREE Gift Coupon that is good for 100 extra loud salutes when returned with an order for other fireworks.

